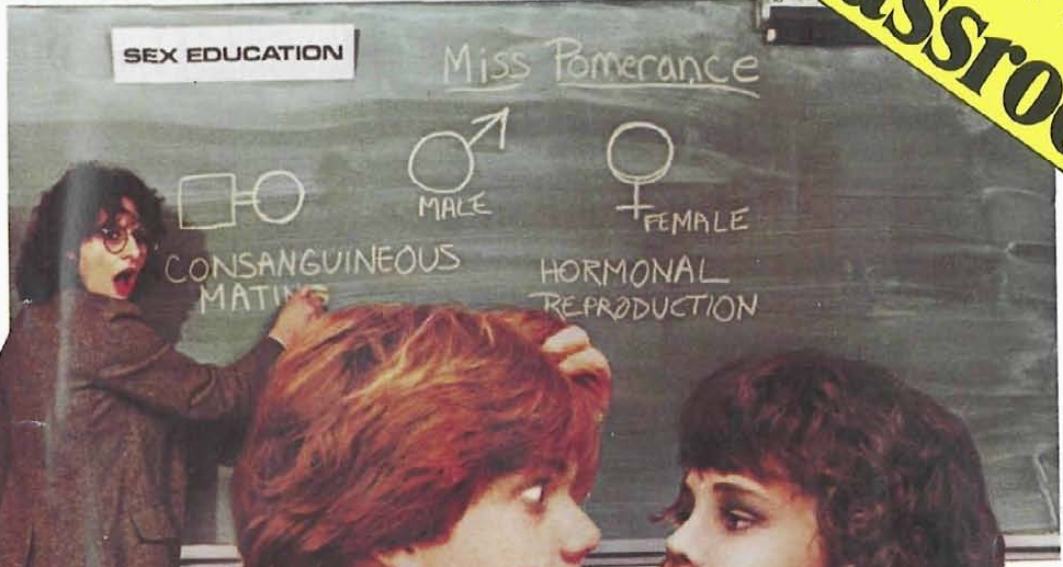


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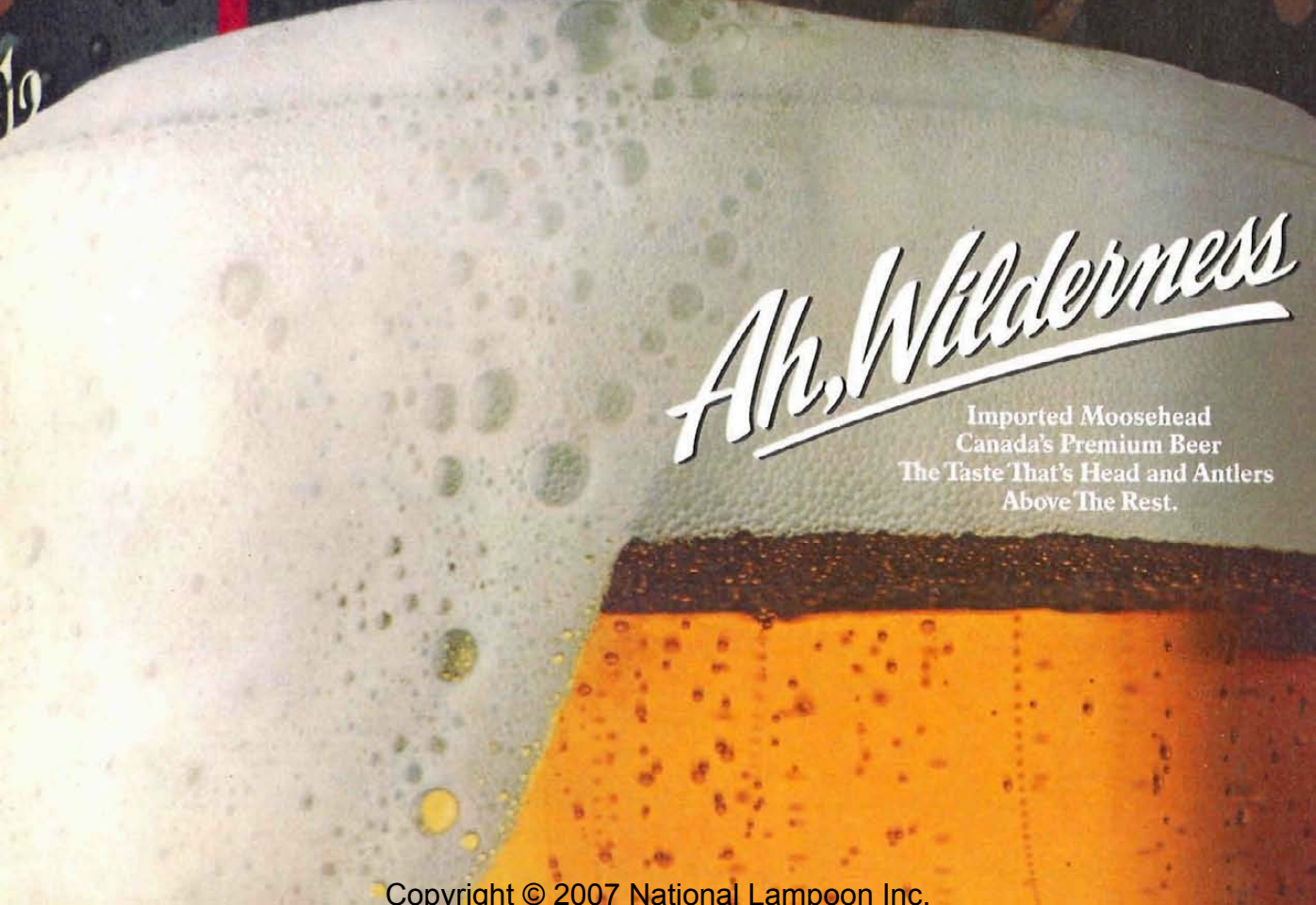
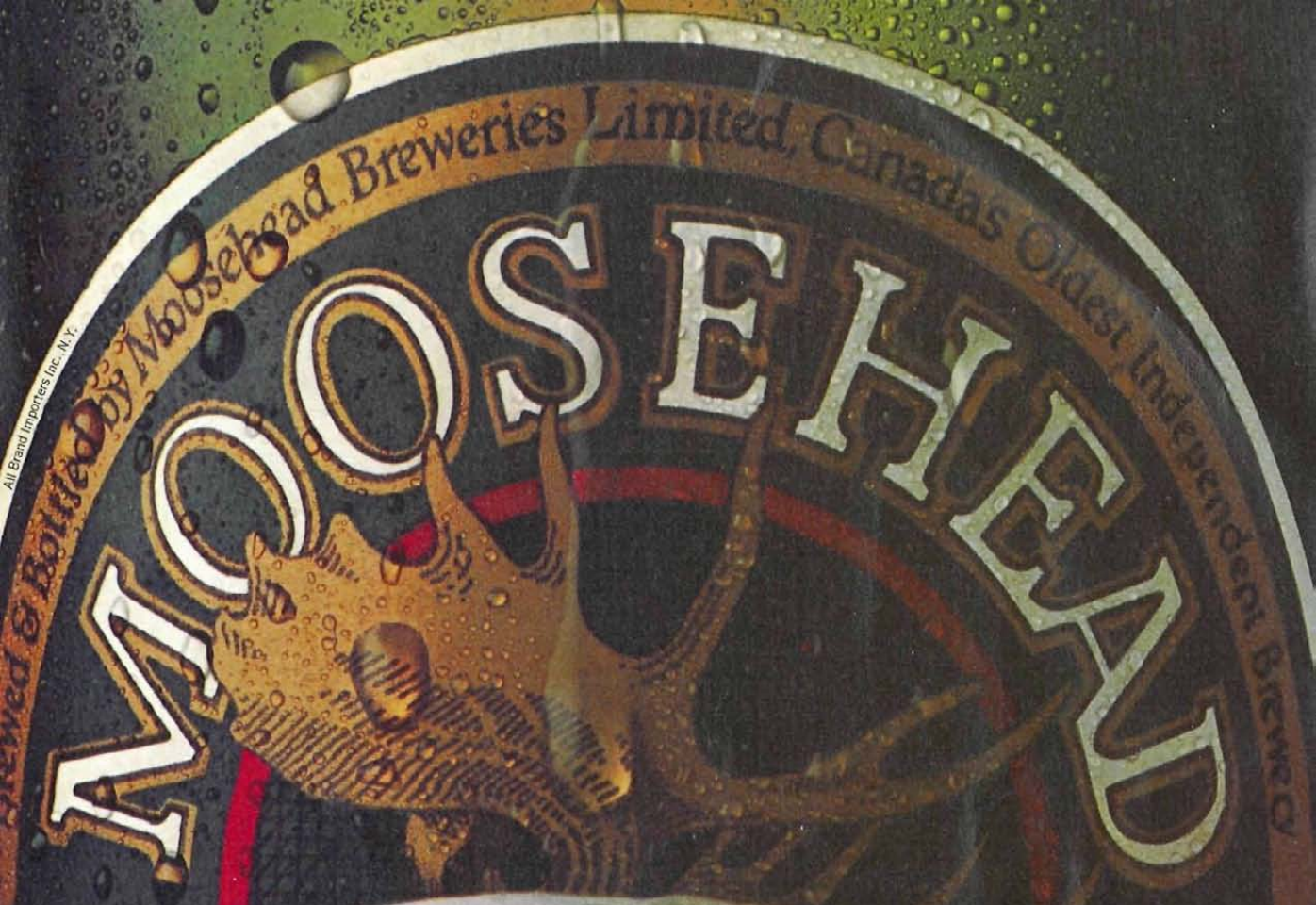
By Peter Kleinman

Sculpture and photograph by Bruce Strachan

Scattered throughout the issue
are various quotes about youth
compiled by Tuli Kupferberg.



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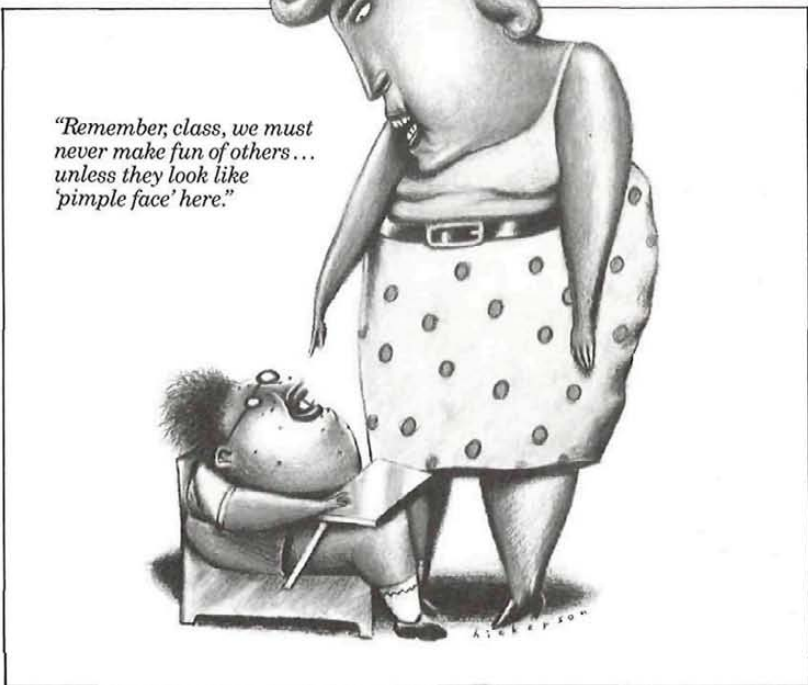
editorial

"Youth," George Bernard Shaw once lamented. "What a shame to waste it on the young." Okay, but who then should we waste it on? We wondered what would happen if we took some old people and had them compete with youths.

We had Ruth Gordon race Ricky Schroder in a sixty-yard dash. This may sound odd, but she beat him. Ricky Schroder is not a fast runner, and Ruth Gordon ripped off the sixty in about 5.2. Then she died.

The experiment, however, was so interesting it had to be pursued. We brought George Burns and Matt Dillon together, trained them for a week, and threw them into the boxing ring for three rounds. Burns beat the shit out of him. Knocked him down three times in the first round and kned him in the groin as the bell rang ending the fight. Dillon was hospitalized for a month.

It was becoming obvious to us now that this youth mania was based on inaccurate studies. We decided to try the ultimate test: a no-holds-barred knife-to-knife fight between Brooke Shields and the late Errol Flynn. It was over in seconds. Flynn



sliced off her right thumb, knocked her on her back with a right chop to the chin, and raped her. In this case, however, she survived and he re-

mained dead.

Our experiments proved conclusively that youth is overrated. But no one believes us.

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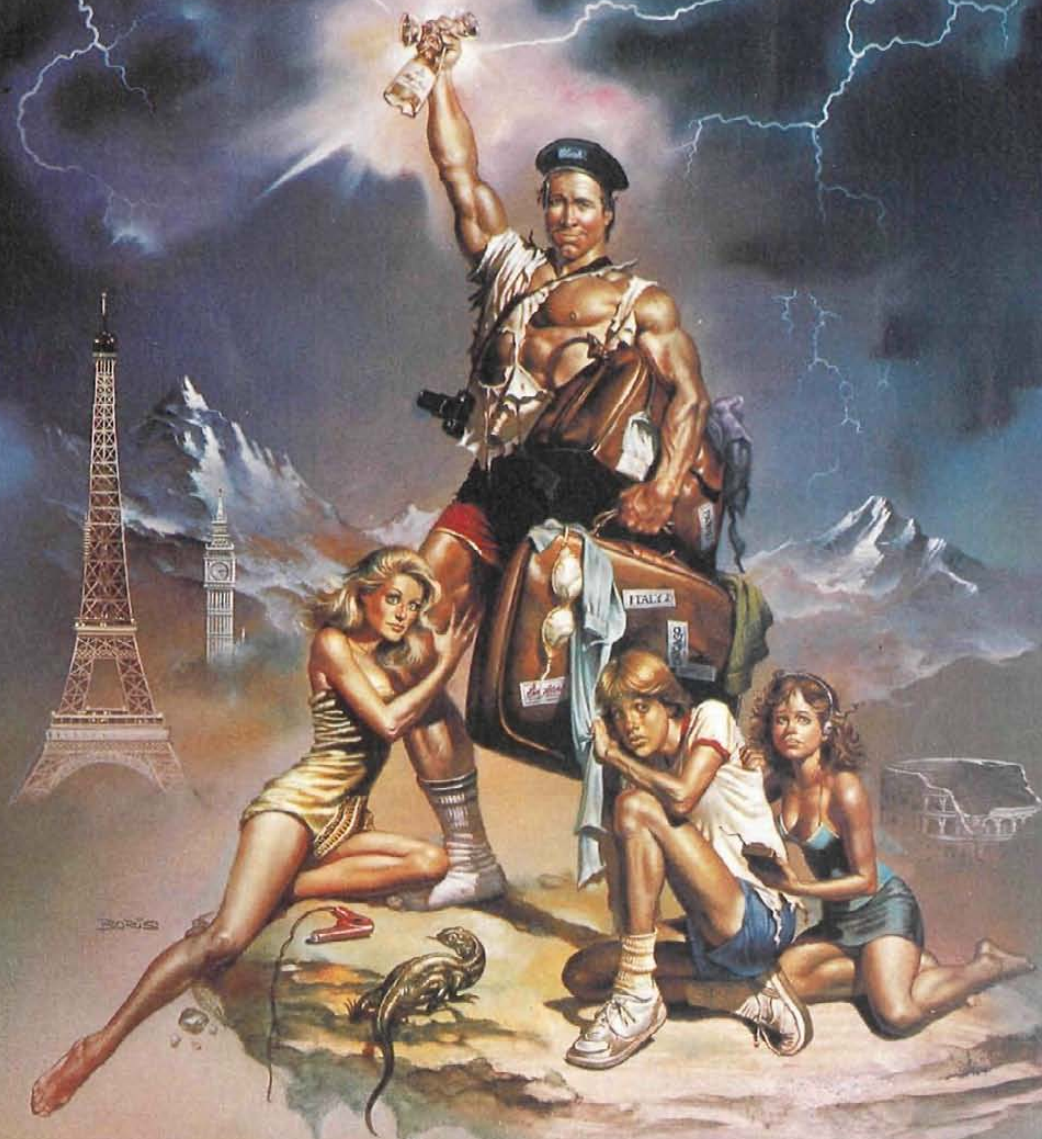
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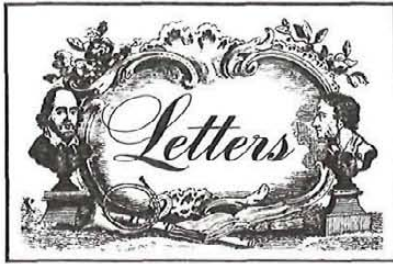


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THE FUN BEGINS JULY 26 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE!

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Sirs:

After twenty years on the route, if I hear "Wait a minute! Wait! Mister, please wait" one more time I'm gonna back my damn truck up and flatten all you little suckers. And no, you can't owe me a nickel for an éclair until Thursday. Go ask Tom Carvel for credit.

The Good Humor Man
Right down the block

Sirs:

Okay, that's two lime rickeys and an egg cream—hey, you kids, get away from the cash register, and what do you want—I gave you a straw already, whaddya do wit 'em, stick 'em in your nose? Hey, put down those comics, this ain't no library, stop spinning the stool, I told you already a million times....

Ponce de León
Poncie's Fountain of Youth

Sirs:

Is it true that Gary Coleman is really Charlie McCarthy var-

nished? Please write back and tell me if it is true, as I have not seen my little oaken brother in many years.

Candice Bergen
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Got 'im, got 'im, got 'im, need 'im, need 'im, got, got 'im, got 'im, got 'im, got, need 'im, got 'im, got 'im—ooo, this one I really want. Whaddya mean, it's not available for trade? I'll give you three Reggies. No? Four Reggies! You bastard. Why won't you trade with me? That's not fair. I'll give you all my Roy Whites, all my Horace Clarks, all my Nettles. Not enough? Awright, I'll fund your campaign for class president. Don't tell anybody.

George Steinbrenner III
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Okay, so I made a little mistake. But I do it all the time, and not once has an ambulance had to come to scrape the kid off the floor. It's all for the fun of it. You see, there's too much pressure in the classroom. What do they say, "A laugh a day keeps the doctor away?" I agree. "Here, have a seat." Now you see it, now you don't. But how was I to know this kid just had a spinal fusion?

No Longer the Class Clown

Sirs:

Take my test for me—please! Haha, just kidding. But seriously, folks, my baby-sitter told me she wanted to go someplace she'd never been before, so I told her to go to the kitchen and bring me a Yodel. Ta-da-dum! The other day I went to the school shrink's office, I told him I had suicidal tendencies, he made me window monitor... But seriously, I went to a Prince concert the other day, this guy looks more like a Princess. Ta-da-dum! I've heard of Minnesota Fats, but not Minnesota Fags. Hey, this is a tough schoolyard, what did you all do, fall off the swings on your heads? No, but really, what do you call Boy George when he's forty? Give up? Man George, yuk yuk.

Henny Very Youngman
P.S. 6

Sirs:

I am looking for some new pen pals to get to know. It is nice where I live, right down the block from the school. I like to play Doctor, and other games like Bad Boy, Dress Up, and Eel in the Bag. Also I like to play Choke the Turkey and Worm Digger. Don't tell your parents that I'm writing to you or I'll eat your pet rabbit. Hope to see you soon, and be sure to say hello to all your little friends for me. I watch you all the time.

The Nice Man Sitting in a
Blue Dodge down the Block
with Lots of Candy

Sirs:

Who's the patron saint of queers? I asked Father O'Malley, and he gave me bare bum twenty lashes with a birch rod.

Paddy O'Rourke
Belfast, Ireland

Sirs:

My mom and dad are real nice people—they bought me an Apple II and they take me to Disney movies and stuff—but I think they need help. Like they have this imaginary friend that they call Hugh. And every Saturday night I can hear them thumping and grunting in their bedroom, and Mom asks: "Did Hugh come yet?"

If the court takes them away from me, do you think I'll get to keep the Apple II?

Bobby Benson
Cleveland, Ohio



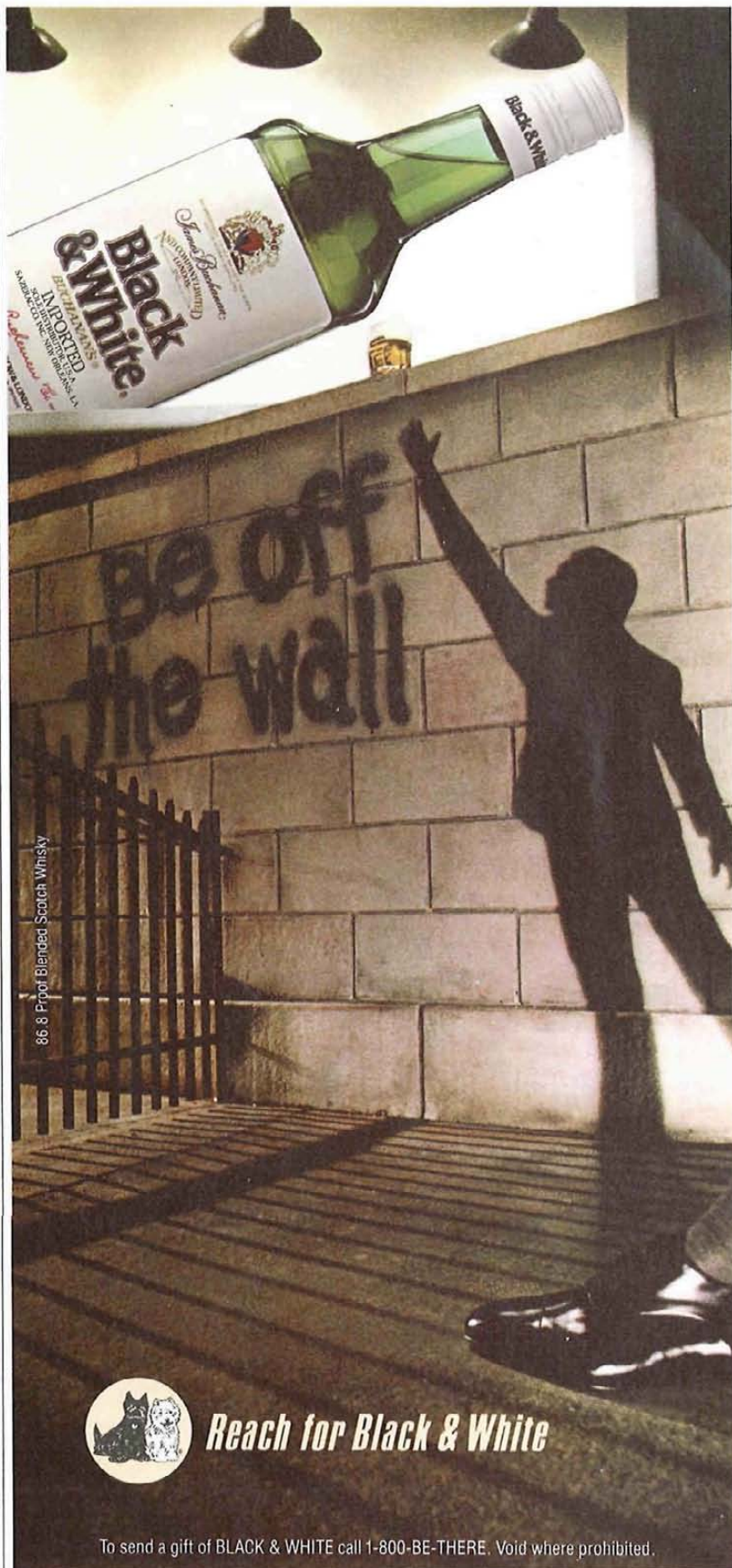
OUR FIRST ANNUAL SURVEY ON SEX IN THE CLASSROOM

We went to Ms. Pomerance's freshman English class at Warren G. Harding High School and asked the students this question:

"How do you feel about sex in the classroom?"

Their reply: "We like it."

Thus concludes our survey on sex in the classroom. Special thanks to Ms. Pomerance, Principal Dooley, and Jane P, a very mature young lady.



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Scum scum belly belly boo!
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Cable, USA

P.S. Oo, oo! Clitty-Clitty Bang-Bang, Clitty-Clitty Bang-Bang, we love you!

Sirs:

Your fly is open. There's a big bug on your earlobe. Ucchy, there's blood on your face! Eeewww! You stepped in doody. Ooooh, there's a man breaking into your house. Your mother's calling you. Watch it, there's poison on your Tootsie Roll. Just kidding.

Margot Kidder
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you very much for sending us the bread and wine on the occasion of our arrival at the new homeland that Prime Minister Pieter Botha has given my parents and me.

The homeland is very nice. We like putting pretty things up on the long fence that surrounds it. But sometimes it is electrified and it hurts to put ribbons up. Although our new home is not as pretty as our old home, and we cannot grow our crops on the arid land and our cattle and pigs have either died or been taken away from us, we like it better here because we don't get shot at as much now.

Xinou
Wababa, South Africa

Sirs:

It's nice, warm, and moist inside this jar, much like the place I came from. I want to thank my would-be parents for not making me live in a world with ranting and raving maniacs like Phyllis Schlafly and the Reverend Jerry Falwell and all those kooks that go around bombing those clinics in which I now live.

Francis X. Fetus
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Yo, man... give us five million dollars for our movie rights!

Darrell Cabey
Troy Canty
James Ramseur
Barry Allen
The #4 Lex IRT

Sirs:

Gaa ga goo goo, say cheese, ga ga goo goo, gurgle, dribble goo gaaa...

Felix Unger, Jr.,
Baby Photographer

Sirs:

Here now for all time are the official twelve ways that Wonder bread helps build strong bodies.

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5. Has many white coloring agents to help skin maintain that healthy pasty glow.
6. So we lied, there are only five ways. What do you think this is, whole wheat?

The Wonderful
White Bread People

Sirs:

You want one?... Eeeeeech... Don't push back on my head so far ... aaaaaaaach... Here, have another.... Ow ... aaaaaach, one at a time, one at a time, ow... eeeeeeech... Cherry, that's right... aaaaaach... Don't push so hard, you wanna give me whiplash?

A Pez Dispenser

Sirs:

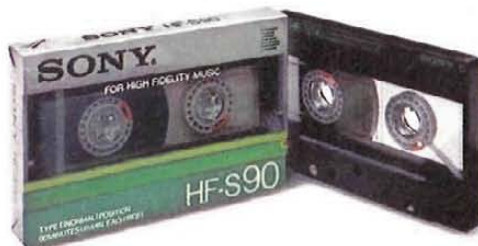
This weekend I went home to visit my parents. I'm a thirty-seven-year-old man with a wife and two children of my own, but somehow I found myself regressing back to my early childhood the minute I walked in the door. Mom offered me a Twinkie, and as I thanked her my voice cracked as if I were in puberty. I started feeling rebellious and resentful of the whole establishment. Then I started to get even younger, and I began crying when I got the urge to empty my bladder. My dad got up from the couch, took my hand, and led me down the hall to the bathroom. He had me stand on his shoe tops and pee like I used to when I was an infant. Is this behavior common or am I really sick? Excuse me, my mother wants to nurse me now.

Marcel Proust
Cork, England





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An Open Letter

The joy of the young is to disobey—but the trouble is, there are no longer any orders.

Jean Cocteau

When I was young, all I cared about was the “arms” issue. Not nuclear or conventional arms, but Tom Seaver’s arm and Jeff Beck’s arm. As long as Tom could pitch and Jeff could pick, I didn’t care who farted in my backyard.

But like your underwear, times change. It’s no longer Tom Seaver’s arm that counts, it’s his agent’s arm instead. Jeff Beck has been crowded off the airwaves by bands whose names would have been banned a few years back by those same stations. What’s popular today? Abstinence.

There’s abstinence from alcohol, abstinence from gambling, abstinence from sex, abstinence from vice, abstinence from having fun, and abstinence from doing things just because you’re a kid and the most you could serve would be eighteen months. When kids today finally let their hair down to the tops of their ears, it’s usually at some church function. And when they imbibe, it’s with piss shooters like light beer or near-beer or “wine coolers.” You don’t see the hard stuff, like beer from Milwaukee, anymore, and that’s sad. It was a working man’s beer before the working man became ad-bait for cigarette ads.

What this generation does like is money! And from all over the country they have flocked to New York: “Money Central.” It’s a city where AT&T’s neighbor is IBM, and they borrow flour from each other. And if you can draw the insides of the new Texas Instruments Module, you can get a job with either of them.

But to get that job, you need a good non-New-York-city-public-school education. When I was a kid, I always liked school because that was where I got my drugs. But today, kids are absolutely *wild* about

school. There has been a revolution in the school spirit, and the curriculum reflects that change. The schools have thrown the arts to the side. P-r-a-c-t-i-c-a-l-i-t-y are the call letters of the day. Get a job by pondering Proust and you’re a better man than I, Gunga Dinstein, or you’re a night watchman. No, Shakespeare is out and *The Wealth of Nations* is in. Adam Smith has become the Jack Kerouac of a whole new generation. A poster of that famous Brit hangs on the walls of millions of schoolkids’ rooms, who are busy memorizing his little green economics book and sharpening their #2s in eager anticipation of stocks, bonds, investments, and sixth grade, whereupon the boys will learn to borrow against their baseball-card collection and the girls against their breast futures.

Kids today do have a wild streak or two still in them, but that’s about it. Although eating goldfish and stuffing oneself into a Volkswagen Bug are long gone, seeing how many Volkswagen Siroccos can be stuffed into one’s garage is very popular.

But life for the serious young American isn’t all hub and bub. The youth of today have a purpose. A sense of duty! And nothing exemplifies this better than our growing armed services, the beacon of democracy, the savior of little scumbag dictatorships. The youths of the eighties are not the candy-assed cowards of the sixties and seventies who cried over spilled milk, when the milker was blown up by an errant B-52. There are leaders in these times! And as proof, our military has flourished. Blacks, of course, have always been well represented in the armed services, because the Army is the only white employer who will hire them, and so

have Southerners, because in the armed forces, killing humans is legal. But other proud, desperate young Americans have been enlisting in the military in increasing numbers. The pearly gates have opened up, beckoning the new Jewish, Protestant, Asian, and Hispanic recruits, anxious to lose life and limb fighting Communist dictatorships like El Pisosqueako, a country that threatens to take back all its maids, gardeners, and Taco Bell proprietors from our shores! And as we now stand tall, nations crumble about us! (Nations like England, France, Italy...)

With the same zealotry our youths have shown in joining the military, they have leaped into the political arena. One of the nice things about politics is that there are good guys, bad guys, and guys you just laugh at. I remember the guys I used to laugh at. They had names like Rhenquist, Thurmond, Helms, Weinberger, Bush, Reagan. ... I don’t laugh quite as much as I used to.

But the youth of today don’t laugh at all, so why do they like these guys? They love Reagan. He’s like everyone’s grandfather who used to dribble as he yelled about how he would handle the Commies, kids, coloreds, carving the turkey, everything. But he’s your grandfather and he threw his arm out teaching you how to throw a curveball, so you don’t tell him to shut up. You just nod and ask him to pass the beans. I think of Reagan as one big bean passer who passes beans to all of young America. And we gobble up the beans, gobble up the beans, gobble up the beans. I just don’t want to be around after all those beans have been digested.

Best wishes,



Andy Simmons

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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

Professor Kennilworth Rattles the Baby Joke

by Dave Y. Spector

Drool humor gets the crib death it deserves.

Youth is the best time to be rich, and the best time to be poor.

Euripides, Heracles

I hate to hear people saying, "He is so young, he must wait, he will get plenty of chances." How do they know? Could Keats have waited, or Shelley, or Byron, or Burns?

J. A. Spender

There has been much rhetoric of late implying that babies are far more intelligent than previously given credit for. Indeed, that precious photograph of the late Baby Fae listening to her mother's voice on the telephone was, in fact, a call placed to another doctor for a second opinion, albeit a shade late. More recently, a ghetto baby in Chicago broke its fourteen-story fall down a garbage chute with a Nerfball and survived.

Yet many of you insist on spewing groundless jokes about babies in all conceivable conditions, not the least of which happens to be deceased. There is no scientific justification, as I shall prove, for this levity at the expense of babies, who suffer this victimization largely because so few of them retain libel lawyers. The purpose of this discourse is to forever discourage any such storytelling in the interests of the wholesome American infant, soiled bottom and all. We begin.

EXAMPLE #1: Q: *Why does Don Meredith's wife have so many babies?*

A: *Because he uses Flo-Thru teabags.*

A collect call placed to Mrs. Meredith shed some light on this curious gag: "Don does indeed use Lipton Flo-Thru teabags, but only as a means of suppressing premature ejaculation, which I'm afraid runs — you should pardon the expression — in the Meredith family. As recommended on the package, the resilient string is wrapped tightly around the base of Don's penis, with the bag of blended tea leaves suspended near his puckered anus, providing a delightful tickling sensation. At the moment of truth, I tug on the string and halt the seminal flow. Often this is referred to in adult magazines as the 'squeeze method.' The Flo-Thru bags have improved our sex life immeasurably, as well as reduced the cleaning bills for my Marimekko sheets. I'm greatly indebted to Captain Lipton, or whatever the man's name on the box is, whom most people don't realize invented the much-publicized technique. If I have any complaint, it's that those little staples where the string's attached give me a nasty pinch you know where."

EXAMPLE #2: Q: *How do you fit a hundred dead babies in a goldfish bowl?*

A: *Use a Cuisinart.*

One is tempted to ask why before how, but I'm not the argumentative type. The average Woolworth's goldfish bowl can hold no less than 1.2 liters of liquefied or jellied material within its concave walls, minus colored gravel and porcelain "No Fishing" diver. With the Cuisinart set on "Puree," even an emaciated infant flown in from a depressing African nation would account for some twenty to twenty-five cubic centimeters in the bowl, or roughly 6 percent of available space, meaning it could hardly accommodate the magic number of 100. Additionally, by the third or fourth whir of the Cuisinart, the babies waiting in line would realize something was going on and create a scene.

EXAMPLE #3: *A Polish woman called Sears Roebuck to place an order for baby diapers. "Please refer to page II09 in our catalog," a clerk instructed.*

"If I had the catalog," barked the woman, "I wouldn't need your damn diapers."

The assumption here is that a baby could be outfitted with a Sears catalog in order to absorb dejecta, perhaps opened at the middle and pressed against the buttocks while held in place with a rubber band of considerable strength and width. Yet how practical is this make-do application? We hired the respected testing institute, UL Labs of Chicago, to shed light on the matter. A baby was conveniently borrowed from an unlocked car while its mother was busy shopping—a crisp ten-dollar bill left on the seat as a token of appreciation. The baby weighed in at 8.2 pounds, while the Sears catalog, including the Useless Garden Supplies supplement, registered 10.5 pounds. Within minutes, the little shaver sat upon the opened book and promptly soaked the first hundred pages, rendering several healthy-looking models severely jaundiced in the process, yet proving that at some 1,433 pages left to be soiled, the catalog could absorb an additional fifteen waste disposals or more. But the problem remained that no baby is going to sit on a catalog forever; and since no suitable rubber band was found able to hold the massive pages in place, researchers opted instead to secure them with an air-powered carpet stapler. The baby died of blood loss before the stapler could be reloaded, rendering the experiment useless.

EXAMPLE #4: Q: *What's red, bubbly, and scratches glass?*

A: *A baby in a microwave.*

Come on. Assuming for the sake of argument that a baby might elect to crawl into a microwave oven of its own accord despite the warning labels, there is no means for the door to be latched from the inside. Only the most absentminded parent would place an offspring inside a microwave inadvertently, let alone press any button other than "Nap Time." Yet I'll admit that a one-in-a-million chance exists that an extrasmart superbaby could manage to turn on the device before entering its chamber of doom, whose door is then shut by, say, a vengeful cocker spaniel. Upon reaching a comfy six hundred degrees, the oven would indeed turn the tyke's skin to a reddish hue not unlike the soft

posterior region of singer Buffy Sainte-Marie—whatever rock she is currently residing beneath. But the joke's plausibility ends there. This is because the toddler spinning around on the oven's rotating table at some eight revolutions per minute would be having far too much fun for its small, rapidly dehydrating brain to be occupied with anything so involved as scratching glass to summon help, fortifying the age-old philosophy: If you're up shit's creek, why not enjoy it? To carry the hypothesis to the next step, the cocker spaniel would be blamed entirely for the mishap regardless of the infant's own suicidal initiative, and then be offered for ritual sacrifice to the nearest Vietnamese family.

EXAMPLE #5: *A Polack telephoned his doctor. "You gotta come over right away! Our baby just swallowed a rubber!" The doctor got his bag and was running out the door when the phone rang again.*

"Never mind," said the Polack. "We found another one."

Allow me to place the proverbial

monkey wrench in this twisted logic. If the baby in question had indeed consumed a prophylactic by mistake, the premise might be acceptable. Yet as any good parent knows, regular feeding of condoms (especially reservoir-tipped) aid an infant's digestive tract considerably, serving as a handy lubricated sac with which to catch nonedible foreign matter such as subway tokens, Ping-Pong balls, No. 7 nails, Dr. Scholl's Corn Protectors, Silly Putty, and so forth, which are then smoothly deposited within the safe confines of a Luv diaper; the prophylactic later plucked from its surrounding warm mass of saliva-drenched Maypo, partially digested chipped beef, pasty mixed corn, and tapioca bile, and thrown in the trash after Mom casually twists the end of the condom like a sausage casing.

Hence, no such "emergency" situation would arise, and to carry the point further, if the Polish individual was so concerned about birth control, the existence of a carpet rat would seem highly unlikely in the first place, *n'est-ce pas?* ■

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for the real world?

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A GROWNUP YET
OR FROM HERE TO MATURITY

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In our November issue, writers, actors, politicians—people from almost every profession and tax bracket—will be contributing their thoughts to *National Lampoon's* first "Mad As Hell" issue. They'll be writing about the one thing that they're most angry about. Their approach sometimes will be humorous and sometimes just plain furious. It will be one of the most exciting issues ever published, and you'll want to read it. But you can also be a part of it. If you're "Mad As Hell" about something in particular, put your thoughts down on a neatly typewritten page or two. If you have a photo of yourself, send it, and please mention what you do for a living, if you're living. The only reward you'll get for doing this is the satisfaction of possibly being published with people like Mayor Koch, Bruce Jay Friedman, Phyllis Diller, Pete Hamill, Rona Barrett, Joni Mitchell, Jeff Greenfield, Dick Cavett, and many, many others. You can write anything from a paragraph to two double-spaced pages. Send your submissions to:

MAD AS HELL

Executive Editor

NATIONAL LAMP^{OO}ON

635 Madison Avenue
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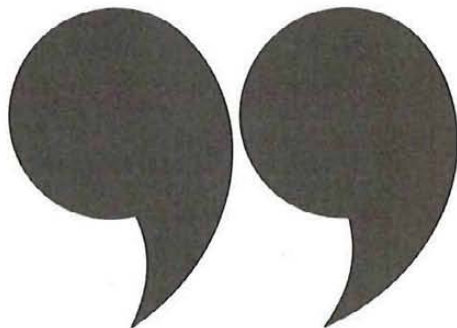


For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself!

Robert Louis Stevenson

The angry and irreverent spirit characteristic of youth seems to find no peace until it has falsified men and things in such a way that it can vent its passion against them.

Friedrich Nietzsche



Remember, sinful youth, you must die! you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way of truth
And in your pleasure boast, you must die!

Anonymous, Pious Songs, 1836

The real lost souls don't wear their hair long and play guitars. They have crew cuts, trained minds, sign on for research in biological warfare, and don't give their parents a moment's worry.

J. B. Priestley

The young can seldom be faithful for long to the same person.

Mignon McLaughlin

They are generally thought to be arch radicals. As a matter of fact, they are the most conservative people I have ever dealt with.

*U.S. President Woodrow Wilson
(former president of Princeton
University), address at the
Pittsburgh YMCA, Oct. 24, 1914*

Even a she-ass is pretty when she is young.

Indian (Asian) proverb

My candle burns at both ends:
It will not last the night:
But, ah, my foes, and, oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1920

Cover: The cover of this issue serves two purposes. It portrays rather graphically the value of sex education in the schoolroom. Before sex ed, kids were frenzied, fumbling gnomes who explored the unknown in almost total ignorance, plunging the wrong protrusion in the wrong orifice and frequently becoming pregnant from soul kissing and "feelies."

Now, in this age of enlightenment, sex education has taught youth how to fornicate properly. Witness the rapt attention on the part of the students, the clear concise explanation of the sex act on the part of the teacher.

Listen, we believe in sex education in the schools, but as someone once said—it may have been Ronald Reagan or it may have been Bob Guccione—"If you gotta be taught how to fuck, you're not as smart as a fuckin' rabbit."

Okay, but can a rabbit pray in school?

The second purpose the cover serves is to let you know that the kids thereon are Dana Hill and Jason Lively, who play Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo's offspring in Warner Brothers' *National Lampoon's European Vacation*, opening at theaters nationwide on July 26.

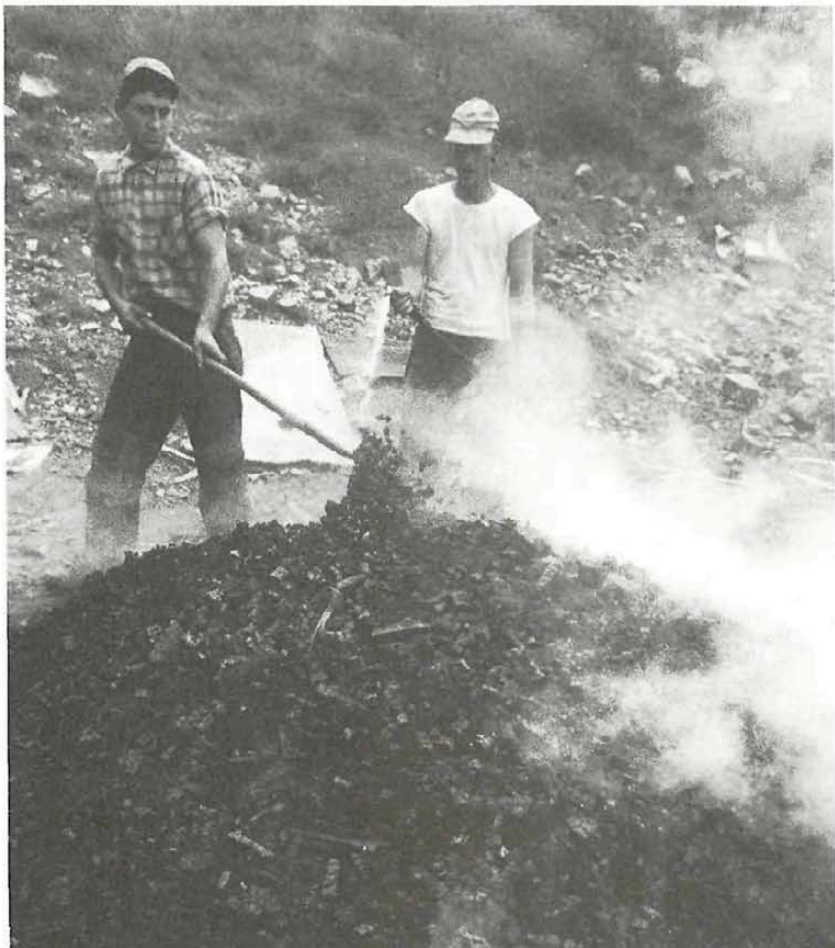
The film is, of course, a sequel to *National Lampoon's Vacation*, a hit of no small magnitude in 1983. It was shot mostly in England, France, and Italy and, according to its producer, is "truly hilarious."

Some of Europe's biggest stars also appear, and there's a scene in which—no, we won't tell you. We'll only say that this summer you can go to Europe without leaving your air-conditioned theater and at a fraction of the cost.

Incidentally, the "teacher" on the cover is the film's director, Amy Heckerling, who made her directing debut with the very funny *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. The cover photographer was Hollywood lens honcho Steve Schapiro, who has directed more shootings than Charles Manson.

The aforementioned producer—the guy who told us the picture is "absolutely sensational"—is a man we listen to with great care and respect, a man we trust and admire. A man who signs our paychecks.

The man who produced *National Lampoon's Animal House* in 1978, *National Lampoon's Vacation* in 1983, and *The Birth of a Nation* in 1915. Would he lie? —The Editors



If you'd like to know the secret of burning wood into charcoal, drop Mr. Bateman a line at our distillery.

25 YEARS AGO, Jack Bateman learned a skill only a handful of others know.



As an apprentice ricker, Jack was taught the knack of burning hard maple wood into charcoal. We need this charcoal because nothing does a better job of smoothing out our whiskey. Of course, Mr. Bateman has changed a bit since his early days in the rickyard. But thanks to 25 years of his hard maple charcoal, Jack Daniel's Whiskey has stayed exactly the same.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Timmy's Shame

The Latest Shocker: Preteens Who Seduce Our Senior Citizens

Special to the Washington Post
By Janet Crooke

Timmy is 8 years old. He likes baseball, Big Macs, model airplanes, and hot, steamy sex sessions with adults over 50. Timmy is a decrepiphile.

He sits in an overstuffed chair in the living room of his family's elegant suburban ranch house, his baby-blue eyes darting apprehensively in his cherubic, rosy-hued face, as if he had gotten caught with his hands in the cookie jar. He has.

"I get off on old people, what can I tell you?" he says with an air of desperation. "There's something about wrinkled skin and watery eyes that just drives me crazy. I love it. I have to have contact with them, play with their thinning hair, massage their varicose veins. Then one thing leads to another and we're into it totally. I know it's sick, but I can't help it."

Timmy's problem is not unique. A compulsion to have sex with senior citizens on the part of our children is the latest fallout from the '60s sexual revolution, a horror harvest potentially far worse than the herpes and AIDS epidemics. "In a way, you can't blame these young people," says Dr. Irving Kaufman, director of the Aberrant Sex Clinic at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. "They're saturated with sexual images from the moment they can stand up in the crib. Movies, cable TV, magazines, home video tapes, you name it, the message is the same—sex makes the world go round. So they get jaded by the time they start kindergarten. That cute little girl with the crinoline pinafores and the ruffled panties at the next desk is just not a turn-on. They need something exotic. That, coupled with the fact that they get constant positive reinforcement from their doting grandparents, makes older people a natural target for their little libidos. Strange senior citizens are like overripe forbidden fruit to them."

"You know, sometimes I think those old people are asking for it," Timmy sighs, stretching his tiny frame. "They're so friendly. And they wear those revealing outfits, the Bermuda shorts, the tank tops, those



This scene is being repeated in countless parks across America. An innocent senior citizen accepts a prune from a decrepiphile: the first step toward a sordid seduction.

cute little visors. Before I even realized my problem, I found myself drawn to places where old people are. I used to go to bingo games, or hang out in the park by the benches. Then I started cruising the nursing homes on my bike."

Before long, Timmy's fascination had become a full-fledged compulsion. He had difficulty in school, falling two months behind in his Weekly Reader. He went from first place to last in merit badges in his Cub Scout pack. But it was at the weekly outings at Burger King where his malaise was most evident.

"We began to worry when Timmy wouldn't even touch his Whopper," Timmy's father, an accountant who wishes to remain anonymous, remembers. "The poor little guy had no appetite, he wouldn't even look at his comic books. I couldn't drag him to a Yankee game. The only thing that would perk him up was when my mother-in-law's 'Fifty-Plus' magazine would come once a month. That struck me as a little odd."

"Decrepiphilia can strike anywhere," says Lou Moskowitz, a psychiatric social worker who first treated little Timmy. "But we've found that the greatest single predictive variable

is homes where one or more grandparents live in. Those extended-family situations are powder kegs."

Timmy's parents could sense that something was wrong with their son, but it still took months before they sought treatment for the 8-year-old. And those months were sheer torture.

"I couldn't think of anything but sex with old people," Timmy remembers, leaping off the comfortable chair to grab a handful of Reese's Pieces. "It was what Mr. Moskowitz told me was a compulsion. I tried getting my mind off it by memorizing batting averages, or singing Iron Maiden songs to myself, but nothing worked. I began to spend all my time planning for sex, thinking about sex, or having sex with old folks. I was pretty sharp, too. I knew just what to say when I met a stranger. I'd pretend I was lost and I'd ask directions. Then I'd tempt them with a box of Sunsweet prunes and try to get 'em to come home with me and check out my coin collection. Once I got 'em home I'd break out the peppermint schnapps and the rest would be easy."

Timmy's world shattered the fateful day his mother arrived home
See SHAME, A9, Col. 1

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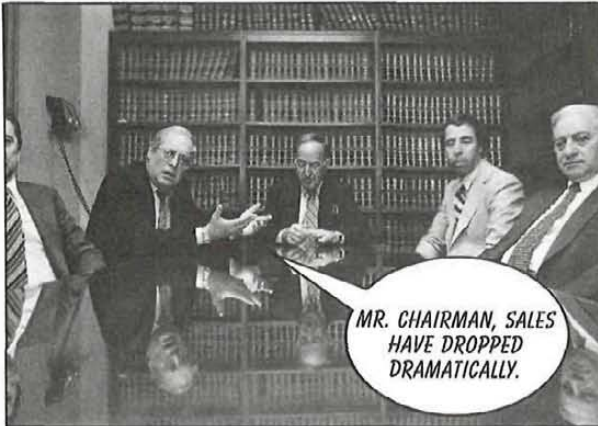
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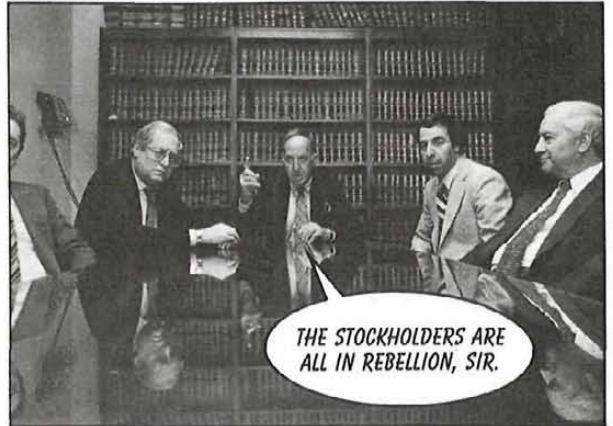
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PHUNNIES**



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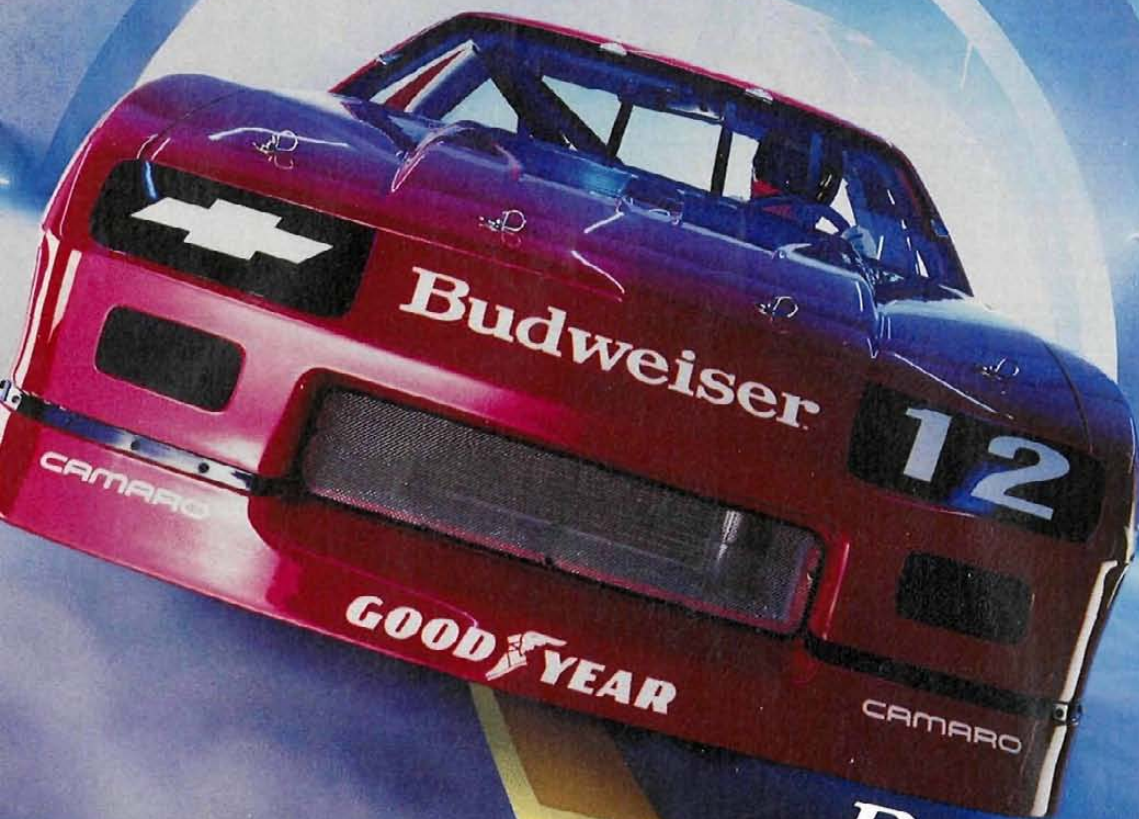


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by John Robert Tebbel and Martha Thomases

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Answer each question according to the best of your ability and divine inspiration.

Part I: Sentence Completion

Select the answer that best completes the phrase.

- My favorite activities include
 - dancing
 - horseback riding
 - speaking Latin
- In a group, I am most often a
 - leader
 - follower
 - confessor
- What I look for in a mate is
 - companionship
 - affection
 - mystery
- Most of my wardrobe is in
 - cool tones
 - warm tones
 - black
- When the phone rings, I hope it's a
 - friend
 - relative
 - Deity
- You can fool some of the people, but you can't fool
 - your mom
 - the IRS
 - around
- I enjoy an evening spent
 - reading a book
 - watching TV
 - handling the sick
- For a vacation, I prefer
 - the mountains
 - the seashore
 - the wasteland
- Oh, you can't get to heaven in a
 - rockin' chair
 - Cadillac Seville
 - St. Patrick's Day Parade float
 - pig's eye
- I believe in the absolute authority of
 - the Bishop
 - the Church
 - the Holy Father
 - Rev. Sun Myung Moon
- "Swami Baksheeshs" is Hindu for
 - O most perfect one
 - He who imagines the universe
 - Sacred mother of creation
 - Half the state of Oregon
- I shall have no other gods before
 - Thee
 - me
 - breakfast
- I never honor a
 - graven image
 - supermarket tabloid
 - 3-D picture of Jesus with flashing eyes
 - third-party check
- The 700 Club is
 - a numbers racket
 - an association of heavy-metal acts with a thing for groupies
 - a legal means of execution in South Carolina
 - a cash cow
- There's no business like
 - show business
 - real estate
 - crime
 - the clergy
- Girls just wanna have
 - fun
 - hickeys
 - money
 - virgin birth

- One day at a time, that's
 - all I'm asking of you, Lord
 - all the faster they come
 - the way God planned it
 - amore

Part II: True or False

Carefully consider each sentence and indicate whether, to the best of your judgment, it is true or false.

- I sometimes feel as if a tight steel alb were around my throat.
- Other people are often jealous of my piety.
- Voices tell me to call up Phil Donahue.
- There is a God.
- God probably has white hair and a beard.
- God and I exchange photos at Christmastime.
- Wafers change to God on my tongue.
- Jesus loves me, this I know.
- Religious figures rarely have enough arms to suit me.
- I have a great affection for forest animals.
- I wish I could stroke a rabbit right now.
- I would never marry anyone with a body.
- Others sometimes try to poison my tropical fish.
- I wonder why people who disagree with me don't just die.
- I could easily kill if I thought God approved.
- I have five dollars for each of you.
- No one really understands how sinful he really is.
- I can't stand this utter filth and blasphemy any longer.
- I must annihilate evil wherever I find it.

Stop! Do not go back over any other section of this test. Keep your hands out of your lap.

Young saint; old devil.

English proverb, before 1470



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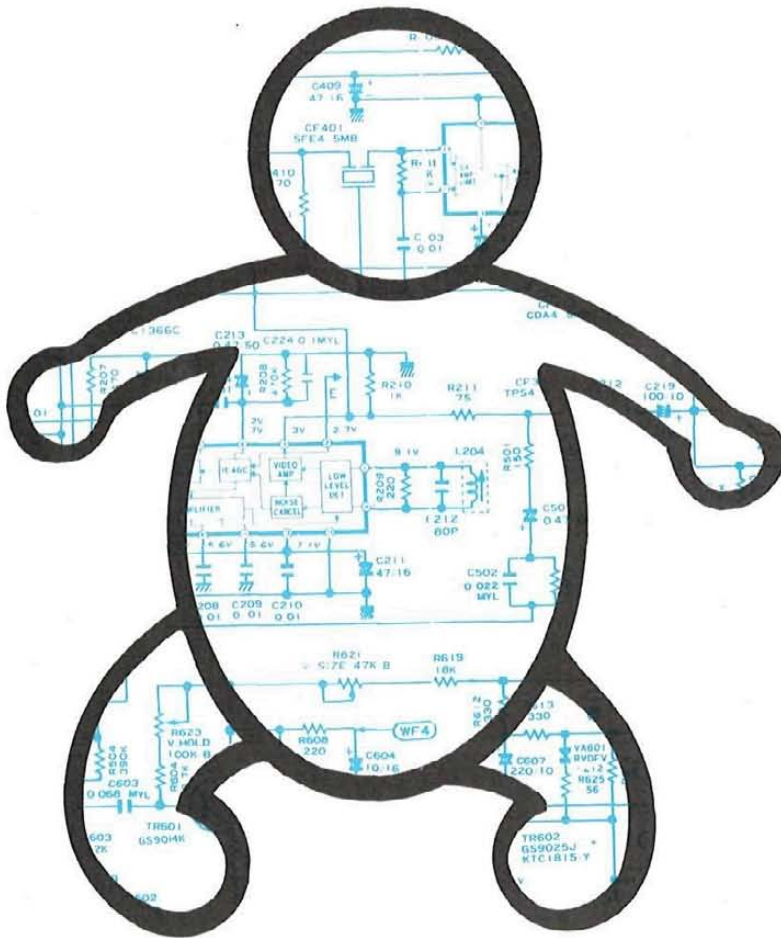
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Your Child: A User's Manual

by Ed Subitzky

*A step-by-step development guide for parents
and parents-to-be—with complete, accurate instructions
for raising happy, healthy children who
frequently won't grow up to be homosexuals*



Introduction

So you're going to have a baby: a pink, roly-poly bundle of joy is about to enter your life! Like most new parents-to-be, you probably face this major step with more than a little apprehension. Well, have no fear. If you approach the process of child rearing with a positive outlook and arm yourself with knowledge of all the different stages that lie ahead, you should not only suffer a minimum of psychological and physical scars yourself, but also raise a child who will grow up to be a healthy, productive citizen. In fact, if you read this instruction manual very carefully, and do everything ex-

actly right, and never make a single mistake of any kind, your child may not even grow up to be a homosexual who frequents strange, out-of-the-way bars, or a psychopathic criminal who dies in the electric chair.

The "B.C." Era— Before Conception

Authorities agree that, when it comes to child rearing, this is the most important stage of all. Before your baby comes along, be sure to have sex frequently, take great vacations, and go out to lots of movies. In short, do all the things you'll never be able to do again. This will help you to resent your new child less, and perhaps not even feel a constant urge to kill it during the first difficult years.

Pregnancy— Carrying the Burden

Concerned mothers-to-be should never forget that, hidden inside them, a brainless, jelly-like mass faces the formidable task of evolving into a working human being from countless trillions of cells, a process so extraordinarily complicated that anything can go wrong at any time. Try to handle your growing fetus with at least the same care you would exercise if you were, say, carrying a delicate chandelier filled with nitroglycerin up a rickety staircase. Be careful not to talk, laugh, or move in any way; the best thing is to sit absolutely still in a dark, soundless room for the entire nine months of pregnancy. If you don't make a single motion, you may just avoid giving birth to someone whose future career will consist of playing "bar scene" roles in *Star Wars* sequels.

During this period, incidentally, as your husband sees your svelte, firm body bloat up like an overblown weather balloon, looking more and more like the kind of woman he would never have gone out with in the first place, he will inevitably come to despise you. As a good wife, it is your duty to be understanding. Try not to let him see you at all, sleep in separate towns if possible, and learn to accept the playful "pet names" he'll devise for you—like "hippopotamus," "rhinoceros," and "mutant." You should encourage him to release his tensions by having extramarital affairs and punching people at the office.

Birth—Delivering the Goods

As a modern consumer, you may expect your child to be delivered properly shrink-wrapped or encased in Styrofoam. Actually, nothing could be further from the truth, and the less said about the whole birth procedure the better. Few who have seen it ever forget it, and even the most hardened doctors have been known to faint. The baby comes out folded up like a paper airplane, all covered with slime and other unspeakable bodily fluids, looking like an old prune that someone with a bad cold had used for a handkerchief. In all cases, both mother and father should stay anesthetized from the moment they enter the hospital until safely back at home.

Naturally, after going through something like this, you'll be in a state of total exhaustion and fierce irritability. The last thing you'll want in the world is to be handed a tiny, squalling, demanding human being whom you must care for ceaselessly until one of you finally passes away. It is important to realize that these are perfectly normal feelings and not waste a moment in needless guilt over them. In fact, few nurses would feel the birth procedure complete without the traditional "parting question" — when new parents ask if, instead of taking the baby home from the hospital, they might take home a towel, blanket, or vase instead. Incidentally, it never hurts to give this a try, as many hospitals, desperate for living things, however tiny, on which to perform needed medical experiments, will happily allow the trade.

Bringing Baby Home

The first thing to do, as with any new product, is to examine your baby carefully. Does it appear to be made of decent materials? Do all the parts fit together? Is the color rich, the sound strong? Shake vigorously and listen for any signs of rattles. Look for rips in the surface material, or any other indications of sloppy workmanship. Don't be afraid to poke and to prod; remember, you've spent a great deal of money and you have the right to expect only the highest quality. If you're not 100 percent satisfied in every way, don't hesitate to take it back and demand a transplant of any substandard parts, or a compa-

rable substitute that meets accepted industry specifications. If your hospital won't stand by its guarantee, notify your local Better Business Bureau.

The First Year— The Defecatory Stage

As a new and loving member of your family, your baby will be most anxious to share with you the only possessions it has—and will spend all of its time defecating, urinating, throwing up, drooling, spitting, and releasing all sorts of fluid and semi-fluid matter that has not yet been catalogued by modern science. If just reading about this should disturb you, wait until you actually see it, smell it, and find it all over your fingers.

At this point, many inexperienced parents make the mistake of diapering the baby. What you should be diapering, of course, is that Early American sofa you treasure, that zippy new CD player, those metal-and-glass tables you paid so much for, that irreplaceable collage of pajama zippers you did back in art class, and, of course, yourselves from head to toe. In fact, wise parents at this stage diaper every single object in their homes and cars, without a single exception, and change the diapers several times a day.

Even with such careful diapering, baby's excrescences will occasionally leak through and spoil something you love. When this happens, you, like most parents, will probably feel an almost overwhelming sense of anger, and you may want to check to see if you live in one of those states that allow abortion up to twelve weeks "on the other side of pregnancy." (A few states permit termination until the fetus becomes an official adult by reaching voting age.)

Of course, before things can come out of your baby, you have to put things in, and this is the function of "feeding." Even in our aware age, some unenlightened mothers still engage in the practice of breast feeding, an enormously risky procedure because of the huge amount of unconscious jealousy it generates in the husband, who will instantly be rendered impotent for life, or else go to the nearest shopping mall with a high-powered rifle and kill everyone in sight. To prevent this, concerned manufacturers provide "formulas" that are not only full of

important vitamins and minerals, but contain generous helpings of additives and preservatives to help young bodies adapt to the solid foods that will be coming later.

Around this time or in the future, some misguided parents will attempt to "toilet train" their children, implanting deep-rooted psychological conflicts that will inevitably result in future criminal and homosexual behavior.

The Second Year— The Start of Language

Sooner or later, your baby will begin making totally incomprehensible sounds. You may even find yourself wondering if you had somehow been inseminated by aliens during your sleep and hope to make a fortune selling your story to the *National Enquirer*. However, rest assured that this is totally normal, and knowing parents may in fact translate these sounds with ease. This is because there are only two things your baby could possibly want to say at this age: "I'm hungry" and "I hate you."

You can recognize the sounds that mean "I'm hungry" because your baby will at the moment not be going to the bathroom.

The rest of the time, be assured

that your baby's babbling simply means "I hate you." Never forget that, from your baby's viewpoint, you are a terrifying, looming giant looking exactly like someone would look to *you* if he was fifty feet tall. Ask yourself how you would feel about some creature straight out of a horror movie who has the power to pick you up at will, dress you in clothes that don't fit right, take away your food while you're still hungry, and drop you belly down into a prison-like crib with bars on it while you cry yourself to sleep. You would certainly hate that person violently. In your unconscious mind, you would never stop wanting to kill that person. For the rest of your life you would try to get back at that person in every way possible—for example, by refusing to visit her when you got older, by putting her into a "home" at forty, and even by turning into a blatant homosexual to brand her a "failure as a parent" in the eyes of the world.

The Third Year— The Destructive Stage

Now your baby is busily developing true hand-eye coordination. In order to learn the extent of his reach, baby will pull down shelves. In order to practice focusing on dis-

tant objects, baby will throw things across the room. In order to get unpracticed fingers working in unison, baby will tear down curtains, rip up your book collection, and break all of your fine china. Be assured that this is a *totally natural* part of the development process, and should you attempt to interfere with it in any way, your son or daughter will grow up to be one of those people who tries to eat an ice cream cone and pushes it into his or her forehead instead, and you'll be totally to blame.

Aside from its skill-building benefits, such mass destruction will offer your baby considerable psychological release, providing an outlet for the huge amount of pent-up frustration that has already accumulated during his brief life. Deprive him of this important means of emotional expression and he'll not only grow up to be tragically uncoordinated—he'll be an uncoordinated *homosexual* who won't be able to "bend over to pick up the soap!"

The Fourth Year— The Sulking Stage

By this time, your child's understanding of the world has developed considerably. He realizes that he can't get all the toys he wants; that the world is generally a sorry place full of sickness and pestilence; and that summer consists of nothing but reruns on TV. With harsh realities intruding everywhere, your child learns in no uncertain terms that, as Shakespeare might have said, "Life is a bourn of suffering, pain, torture, and hopelessness." With a little bit of luck, he'll sulk in the corner during this entire period, bothering you only occasionally for some food.

During this time, if you can afford it, you may be tempted to try to build up your house again and repair some of the damage of the previous stages. By doing so, you will instill enormous feelings of guilt in your child—and ultimately turn him into an ax murderer or a wanton homosexual.

The Fifth Year— The Preschool Stage

Now your child's mind is truly growing in leaps and bounds, and his curiosity is at its peak. Misunderstanding everything that exists, your child will come to you all day

continued on page 42



Winston America's Best.

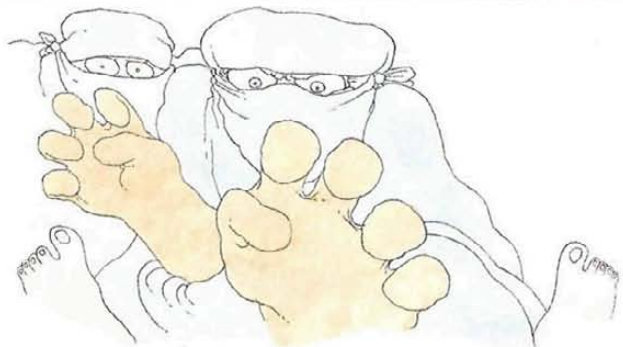
Excellence.
The best live up to it.



16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

YOUTH IS



1 Youth does not know it is scary, mostly because it is scared. Its first look at the world, for instance, would terrify anyone!



2 Then, once it is born, everybody goes out of his way to demonstrate that it is totally helpless...



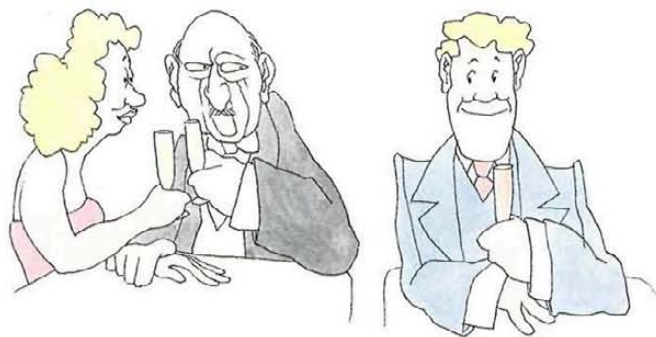
4 Of course, spending years being smaller than anything else around would be enough to make anything jumpy and insecure and unable to think things through...



5 ...so it is often years and years after youth (if ever) that it suddenly dawns on anyone...



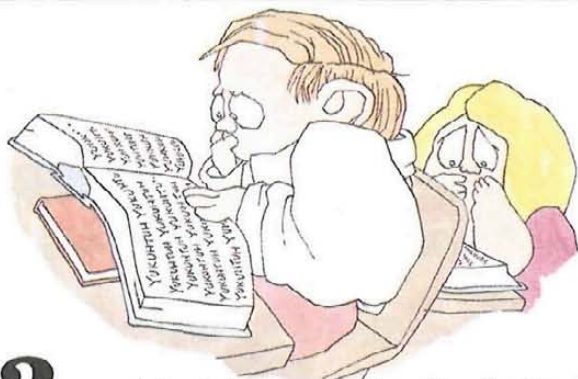
9 ...and to depress them by coming down with endless expensive and occasionally fatal diseases.



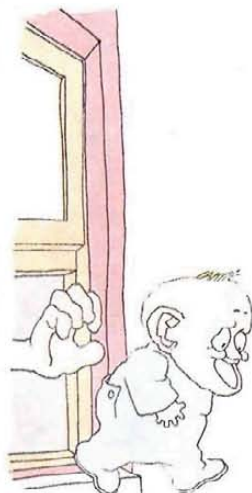
10 And of course youth is a constant downer to grown-ups because it is younger than they are and therefore cuter.

SCARY

Graham Wilson



3 ...and that it is stupid and can't understand anything of any importance.



8 ...and once it is, it manages to keep grown-ups in a constant state of tension by risking death...



6 ...that grown-ups are afraid of youth!



7 Grown-ups are nervous about youth even before it is born...

11

So grown-ups do what they can to convince youth that grown-ups are vastly more important than it is...



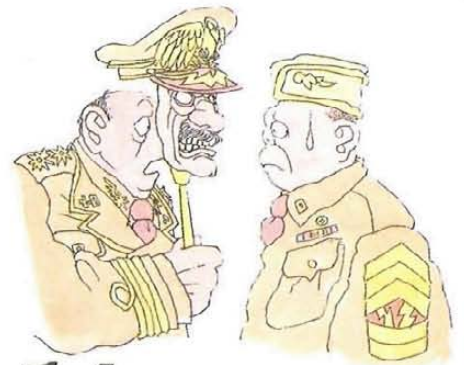
12

...and that grown-ups have figured out everything completely and are, therefore, the only ones that know anything.

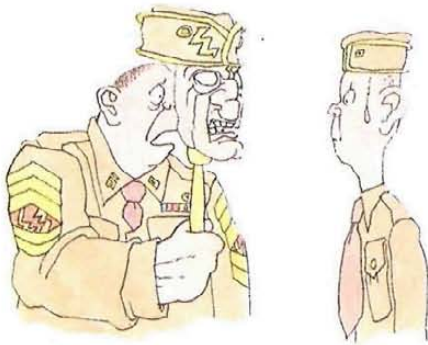




13 *If this works then the system the grown-ups have created functions smoothly...*



14 *...and everybody believes what he is told...*



15 *...all the way down the line.*



16 *But if it doesn't, anything can happen.*

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA



- National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt**
Celebrates the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two. \$6.95 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt**
This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95 — S — M — L



- "Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey**
Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with 3/4-length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$7.00 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon's Animal House T-Shirt** Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. \$5.95 — S — M — L

- National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross in gray or black. \$20.95 — S — M — L
Color: _____

- National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95 — S — M — L — XL
Color: _____

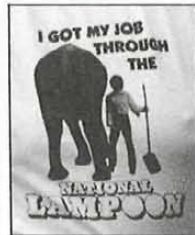


- National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95 — S — M — L
Color: _____



- National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95

- National Lampoon Nightshirt** Fun to wear. More fun to take off. \$7.95 — S — M — L



- "I got my job through the National Lampoon"** And you can get your T-shirt through the *National Lampoon* as well. It's our newest T-shirt and it's awful nice! \$6.95 — S — M — L



- National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95 — S — M — L

Check off what you like. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. Tack on \$1.50 for postage and handling if it's under \$5.00, or \$2.00 for same if it's over \$5.00. Add 8 1/4 percent sales tax to that if you live in New York State. Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

National Lampoon, Dept. 785, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

And try to remember to include your

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

THE SON OF THE CATCHER, WHO LIVES IN RYE

BY HOLDEN CAULFIELD, JR.,
AS TOLD TO LANCE CONTRUCCI

IF I DON'T TELL YOU first off how my old man has been, and why he never wrote again, and all the rest of that *Mommie Dearest* crap, you'll probably cut my goddamn head off, which kills me, if you want to know the truth. People are *always* bothering me about that crap. You'd think that my old man was one of the Beatles, for chrissakes. Plus, everybody I've ever met thinks that they *knew* him in prep school or something. They think they used to chuck the bull around with him at Pencey. Old chuckeroos. "So tell me," they'll say, "how is 'The Catcher' these days?"

Well, I hate to disappoint the hell out of everybody, but there really isn't much to *tell*. My old man never did *anything* after he wrote that book. He never even finished prep school, and for a good reason: he never *had* to. After that book came out he could have bought Pencey, he made so much dough. Now all he does is sit around and watch the goddamn television all day. You ought to hear him. "That J.R. really gives me a pain in the ass, if you want to know the truth," he'll lament. Or, "If Ralph Kramden really wanted to get ahead, he'd stop driving that bus, for chrissakes!"

He never wrote again because he's not much of a writer, if you really think about it. His *style* only worked when he was young. He *tried* to write a couple of sequels, but fortunately he never finished them. A book about his employment in a deli, *The Pastrami in the Rye*, was pretty crummy, and his primer on suburban living, *The Catcher on the Lawn Mower*, hardly cut it.

In case you're wondering, he ended up marrying Sally Hayes, the girl he went ice skating with in the book. Remember her? The one he said really gave him a "royal pain in the ass"? My mother. They moved to Rye, New York, the goddamn suburbs, and had one kid: little ole me. I'm the goddamn son of "The Catcher," who lives in Rye.

I guess what I really want to talk about is this one night last summer, when I got so drunk all over Manhattan, then went home to have my first heart-to-heart talk with my old man. It wasn't *supposed* to be that kind of a night. My family was throwing a small party for me on account of I was going off to school

the next day, to one of those hot-shot Ivy League colleges where they teach you how to make a million bucks, and pick the *right* helicopter, and all of that crap, so that you can donate a couple of *concert halls* as soon as you're out. My family was just tickled pink that I'd actually graduated with honors (*horrors*, more like) from prep school. They didn't want me to be a shit off the old block and flunk out of every prep school on the Eastern Seaboard, like my old man. I guess I *should* have been pleased that I was going to a hot-shot college so that someday I'd have enough dough to buy Pepperidge Farms and vacation in the tropics, happy as a warm Yuppie, but I really wasn't. I just couldn't see putting *up* with all that malarkey just so I could have a yacht, two color TVs, and three colored maids.

It certainly *looked* like I was heading in that direction. I'd had a remarkably bright academic career and all, with excellent grades, and letters in practically every sport. The road to my future was certainly paved with gold. It was all very depressing, if you really want to know the truth.

AUNT PHOEBE HAS A CO-OP in Murray Hill. They were all in the living room when I got there. My mother was sitting on the couch, reading *Hollywood Wives* and eating chocolates, her favorite pastime. My old man was watching TV with my uncle D.B. Aunt Phoebe was just dying to bother the hell out of me. She's a psychologist and she thinks it's her *duty* to analyze the hell out of you. She makes a million bucks a day, listening to old ladies describe their fears and their fantasies, which are often the same thing. No wonder she's a goddamn psychologist—she probably thinks that anybody who isn't must be *crazy*.

Uncle D.B. was there with his son, Henry. Henry's my age but we don't have a lot in common on account of he's a moron, and I hardly *understand* what he's *saying* half the time. He started telling me all about his computer, and how many bytes it had, and finally I said, "Hey, Henry. If you want some real fun, why don't you just *byte* this?" and I pointed at my crotch and all. It was a pretty low joke, but it certainly shut him up.

Uncle D.B. was drunk; he's quite a heavy drinker. He *used* to write these wonderful movies, but now he's writing for television, old uncle D.B., being a prostitute. They were watching his newest show, *My Brother; the Hat*, a show that ought to be *banned*.

It's about these two brothers who run a men's clothing store, and the one brother dies. Only, he comes back to life as a businessman's hat. Bill wears Bob all over the place, wherever he goes. They talk to each other; the hat moves up and down like a giant mouth. "Gee," Bob the Hat says, "why don't you wash your hair a little more often, I'm getting dandruff all over my waist." "I see you're just *brimming* with affection this morning," his brother answers. The *laugh track* certainly thought it was hilarious.

Anyway, they go to a restaurant, and Bill leaves Bob at the coat rack. But he picks up the wrong hat by mistake when he leaves. Then it turns out that he's taken a *gangster's* hat, while the gangster has accidentally left with Bob.

Everybody gets involved in a bank heist, and Bill manages to get the crooks caught, and they're big goddamn heroes. Very big deal. The show ends with all of these photographers trying to get a picture of Bill the hero, and the hat mouths, "Hey, get down a little, will ya, I want to be in this picture, too." The laugh track thought it was so great, it applauded.

I decided to get the hell out of there. After I managed to tear myself away, it took *years* for the elevator to finally come around. All I could think about was how I was supposed to be having the time of my life, whooping it up my last night in town, and how I'd only depress the hell out of everybody. I certainly depressed the *hell* out of the elevator button.

I DECIDED TO GO TO THIS ROCK CLUB downtown where a friend of mine from school, Jerry, always goes. We were roommates my last year. He was a very popular boy on the campus because of his smile and his wonderful personality, and also because he was the cocaine dealer of the quad. His parents spent twenty thousand a year to send him to that school and he

continued on page 74

NATIONAL LAMPOON 33

TIMBERLAND

TALES by B.K. Taylor

IT'S JULY, WHICH OF COURSE, IN CANADA, MEANS THE APPROACH OF SPRING. AND TO A YOUNG BOY SUCH AS MAURICE, AND HIS DOG, THE PRIMAL CALL OF SPRING ECHOES AS NATURE PREPARES THE ANIMAL KINGDOM TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW - TO PLANT THE SEED OF REBIRTH FOR THE FUTURE.... OUR TALE OPENS AS MAURICE IS DISCUSSING THE NEW URGES HE FEELS WITHIN.

I'M FEEL STRANGE, DO YOU, FOAMY? DER'S LIKE SOME KIN' FEELING DAT MAKES ME FEEL CRAZY... YOU KNOW?

NOO!



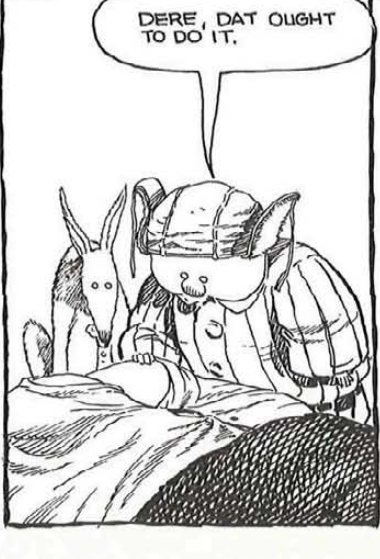
RUNNING TO SEE WHO IS IN TROUBLE, MAURICE AND FOAMY FIND A ROBUST WOMAN....

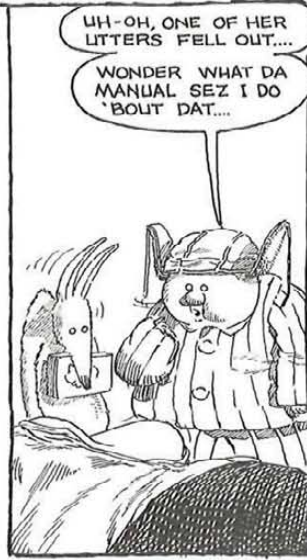
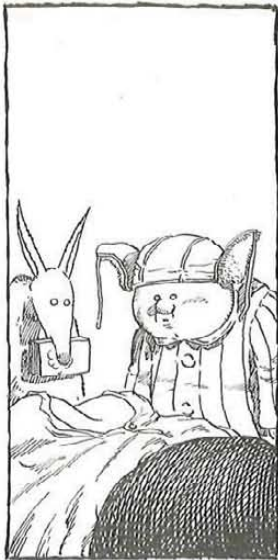


MINE GOD! WHAT DOES MINE SCOUT MANUAL SAY... KNOCKED OUT... 'ERE! FALLING OFF A CLIFF... MUMBLE, MUMBLE "VICTIM MAY BE IN SHOCK" SHOCK! SHE MAY BE SHOCKED, FOAMY! "FIRST, LOOSEN THE CLOTHES."



MAURICE NERVOUSLY LOOSENS THE WOMANS GARMENTS.





UH-OH, ONE OF HER LITTERS FELL OUT....
WONDER WHAT DA MANUAL SEZ I DO 'BOUT DAT....

DON'T LOOK, FOAMY... LETS SEE, IT SEZ, "ELEVATE DA VICTIM'S FEET..."

MAURICE AND HIS DOG RAISE THE WOMAN'S FEET AS BEST THEY CAN.



DERE, DAT SHOULD DO IT!



GREEEEEEK

'ELP!

WHUMP!



AHHHH!
'ELP! I'M CANT GET MINE BREATH! DOSE LITTERS MAKE ME NOT BREATHE! GOD, I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I'M WAS TINKIN'!



AFTER A STRUGGLE, MAURICE FINDS AIR.

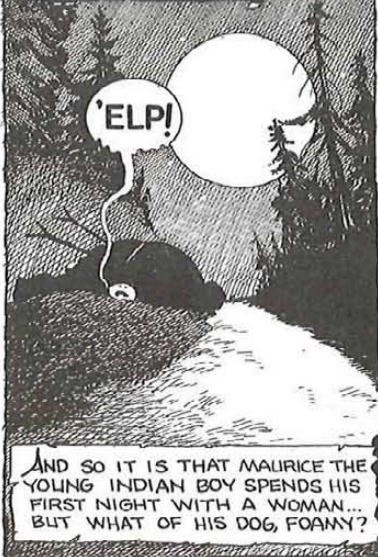
⊃ GASP ⊃
FOAMY, DO SOMETHING! BE LIKE RIN TIN TIN-GO GET 'ELP. 'URRY!

FOAMY HEEDS THE PLEA OF HIS MASTER AND, LIKE THE CANINE HERO OF THE SILVER SCREEN, RUNS FOR HELP.



'URRY, FOAMY, I'M GET CRUSHED!
⊃ GASP ⊃

LATER THAT NIGHT.



'ELP!

AND SO IT IS THAT MAURICE THE YOUNG INDIAN BOY SPENDS HIS FIRST NIGHT WITH A WOMAN... BUT WHAT OF HIS DOG, FOAMY?



HALFWAY BACK TO THE SETTLEMENT WE FIND THE FAITHFUL DOG HAS STOPPED ONLY BRIEFLY FOR A REST... SURELY SOON TO BEGIN AGAIN ON HIS NOBLE QUEST TO BRING HELP...

The Change Has Proven Successful

Like this lucky young boy soprano, the National Lampoon has changed, too.

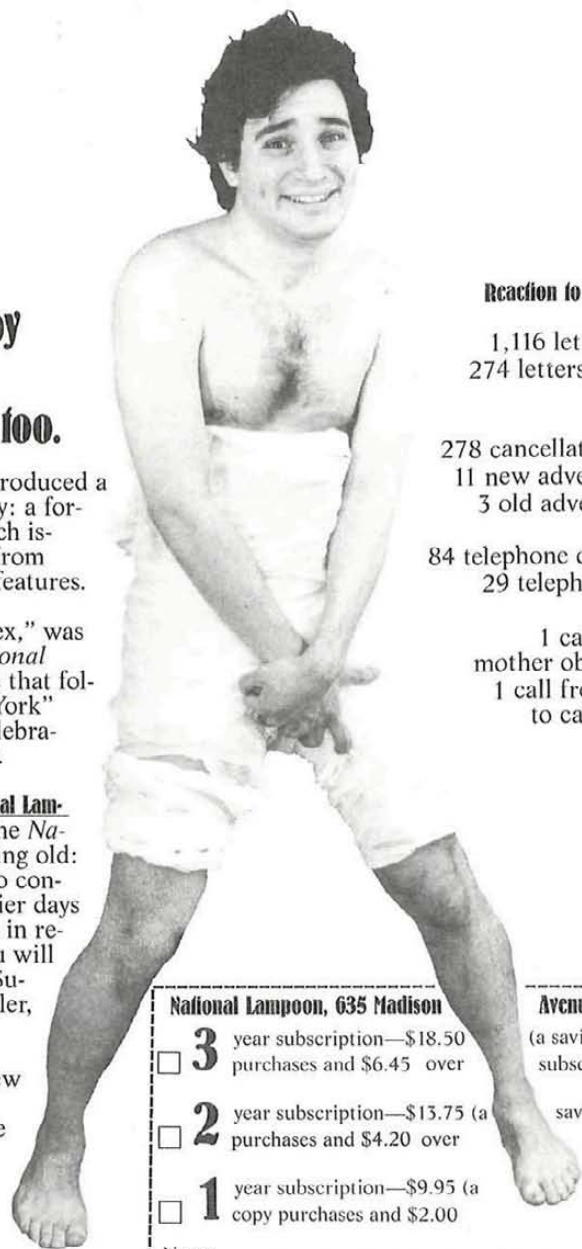
With our January 1985 issue we introduced a new and totally innovative editorial policy: a format that would have *no* format. Each issue would be completely different from any other—no regular columns or features.

The January issue, "Good, Clean Sex," was the highest-selling issue of the *National Lampoon* in three years. The issues that followed, February's "Guide to New York" and March's "15th Anniversary Celebration," appear to be equally popular.

Something funny has happened to the National Lampoon. With this new "non-policy," the *National Lampoon* has added something old: many of the writers and artists who contributed to the magazine in its earlier days but had moved on to other matters in recent years are back again. Thus you will once again see Gahan Wilson, Ed Subitzky, Rick Meyerowitz, Chris Miller, Danny Abelson, P. J. O'Rourke, John Weidman, and many others, in addition to a group of new humorists whose writings haven't been equaled around here since the mid-seventies.

Coming up: The "Lust" issue, True Facts Annual, Music Festival, the (what promises to be remarkable) "Mad As Hell" Report, and others that will provoke, annoy, prod, scintillate, mock, entertain—but mostly, just make you laugh.

A new format—the world's most widely read humor magazine. You can subscribe. TODAY!



Reaction to the January 1985 issue and the new format:

- 1,116 letters complimenting issue
- 274 letters that primarily indicated sender hated issue
- 1,964 new subscriptions
- 278 cancellations of old subscriptions
- 11 new advertisers for coming issues
- 3 old advertisers canceled existing contracts
- 84 telephone calls complimenting issue
- 29 telephone calls criticizing issue
- 2 obscene calls
- 1 call from executive editor's mother objecting to nudity in issue
- 1 call from nude model objecting to call from executive editor's mother

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T

Young people and young cats have been together in the news recently. For example, this story appeared in the *New Haven* (Connecticut) *Register*: "Bozeman, Mont.—A Montana State University fraternity member froze a kitten in a block of ice and floated it in a bowl of punch at a party, the fraternity's president has confirmed.

"A visitor to the party Saturday at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity said the tiny, dark-haired kitten appeared to be two or three months old.

"The witness, who asked to remain unidentified, said Wednesday the punch bowl was empty by the time he arrived at nine p.m., but the kitten was still frozen in the ice block." (contributed by Rollin Riggs)

Meanwhile, this item moved over the UPI wire: "A fifteen-year-old boy in La Grande, Oregon, says he wasn't being cruel when he fed kittens to his pet python. Several complaints have been filed against Tim Barricklow, who says he got the kittens by responding to newspaper classified ads offering free kittens." (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

R

A fifteen-year-old boy drew a gun on an orthodontist in Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan, and demanded to have his braces removed. He told the dentist that he didn't care about going to jail, "as long as I can have my bands off."

According to the *New York Times*, the orthodontist first told the youth he would have to get his parents' permission. Then the boy pulled out a .45 and said, "Would this make you take my bands off?" The dentist said, "Yeah, it would." (contributed by Duck Divet)

This AP story appeared in a Minnesota newspaper:

"Elmore, Minn.—The Elmore school superintendent has told students to yell louder at school pep rallies or go to study hall. 'We told the kids, if you don't yell, you'll have a study hall,' Mel Hauge said last week....

"On Tuesday we had one heck of a pep fest," he said, adding that future rallies will provide a better indicator of the policy's success.

"Asked how the yellers can be distinguished from the nonyellers, Hauge said, 'Oh, we'd probably space teachers throughout the crowd to take down names.'" (contributed by Patrick Pierquet)

U

According to an unattributed newspaper clipping, two five-year-olds jumped the fence at Olsen's Day Care Center in Pendleton, Oregon, and went on a "miniature crime spree." After playing at a nearby McDonald's, the boys entered a large drugstore, filled a shopping cart with toys, and wheeled it out the door. Then they pushed the cart across the street into a Safeway supermarket, where they heaped it to overflowing with food. In addition, the two boys took money from an Easter Seals container and knocked a cake off a counter at the Safeway bakery.

When they were apprehended, according to police, the boys tried to con officers into buying them hamburgers at McDonald's. (contributed by Mark Hooker)

Three sixth-graders in San Jose were committed to the California Youth Authority for four years after they attempted to lynch an eleven-year-old classmate with a jump rope tied to a playground chin-up bar. The one-hundred-pound victim was too heavy for the three to lift. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Leonard DiBella)

E

According to the *Clarksburg* (West Virginia) *Exponent-Telegram*, three-year-old Matthew Ashworth of Charleston, West Virginia, "had just finished his bath at 8:30 p.m. Thursday when he asked his mother for a drink, said father Terry Ashworth.

"She told him to wait a minute," the elder Ashworth said. "But he couldn't wait."

Matthew stuck his tongue up the bathtub spigot, where it became stuck. He was eventually freed by fire department paramedics, who sawed off the spigot. (contributed by Mary L. Warton)

According to the *Washington Post*, some teachers at West Delaware High School in Manchester, Iowa, have acted to curb the number of students leaving class to go to the bathroom. The new policy requires students on their way to the bathroom to wear toilet seats around their necks. (contributed by Kevin Burke)

T

A four-year-old boy rummaged through a woman's handbag during a party at his parents' home and came up with a .357-caliber revolver. According to the Fairfax, Virginia police, the boy fired the pistol, wounding two party guests. *San Francisco Examiner* (contributed by Dave Lothrop)

Fourteen students and alumni of the State University of New York at Stony Brook commemorated the tenth anniversary of an undergraduate's death on campus by screaming down a manhole for eighteen seconds.

R

"Sherman A. Raftenberg was killed when he fell through an uncovered manhole into live steam reaching up to 250 degrees ten years ago on Monday," explained the *Statesman*, a student publication. According to witnesses at the time, Raftenberg attempted to jump over the open manhole on a dare, but lawyers for his family denied this in their successful suit against the university.

"The amount of remuneration that Raftenberg's family received was based on court testimony regarding the amount of time it took him to die," said the *Statesman* article.

U

"Expert medical testimony stated that it would have taken him eighteen seconds to perish in the heat. ... Raftenberg's estimated time of death was the basis for a screaming time of eighteen seconds on Monday."

The group of commemorators reportedly marched to the manhole chanting, "Sher-man, Sher-man, Sher-man." They sang "We Will All Go Together When We Go" and an unnamed song from the movie *Stripes* along the way. They also chanted "The March of the Castle Guard" from *The Wizard of Oz*.

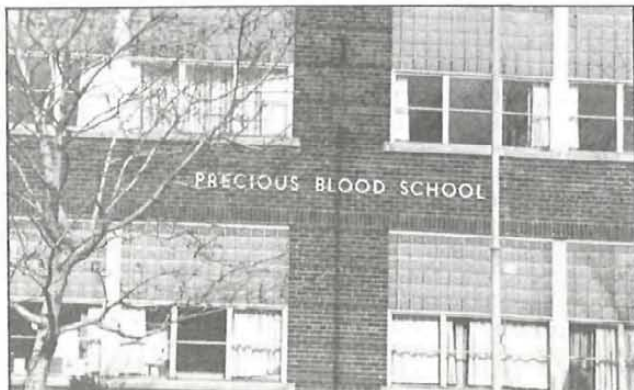
E

"Upon arrival," reported the *Statesman*, "one of the organizers opened up the manhole cover and shouted down, 'Come out, come out.' Then a few reenacted what they believed to have happened, yelling, 'Jump over it, Sherman!' and 'Go for it, Sherman!'"

"We really don't want to offend the Raftenbergs," said one of the organizers. "We just want people to remember."

Another participant commented, "It's a nice change of pace, but I wouldn't want to do it every night. It's hard on the throat." (contributed by John A. Gelt)

GREAT PLACES TO LEARN STUFF



Richard Wisser



Grant Reynolds



Richard Lyon



Scott & Denny



Eric Brinkmann



Ephraim A. Moxson



Roger B. Godwin



Travis M. Holder



—Sunday Patriot-News photo/Herman Amald

Youth picnic

Ulster youths Richard Murray, left, and Colin Morton learn about weapons at the Children's Committee 10 picnic at Fort Indiantown Gap yesterday. The summer program brings Catholic and Protestant youths from Northern Ireland together to live in a more peaceful atmosphere with host families in the United States.

Mike Durnin

Machine Gun Picnic for Peace

Young Zombies At Play

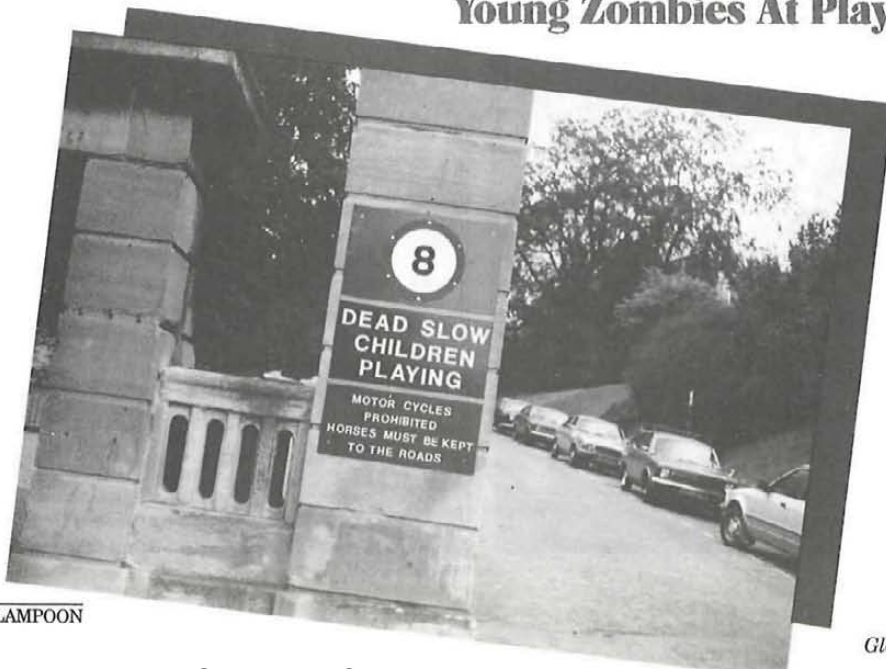
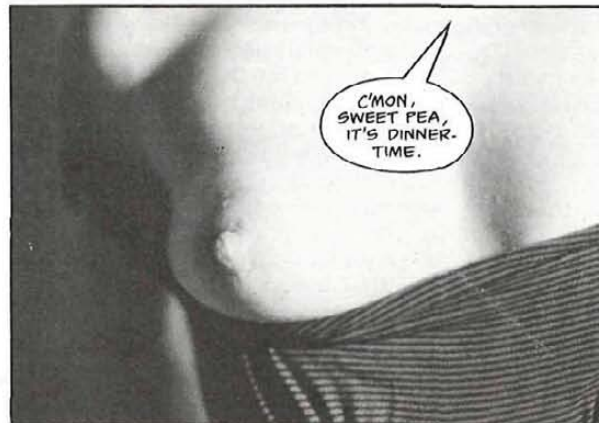
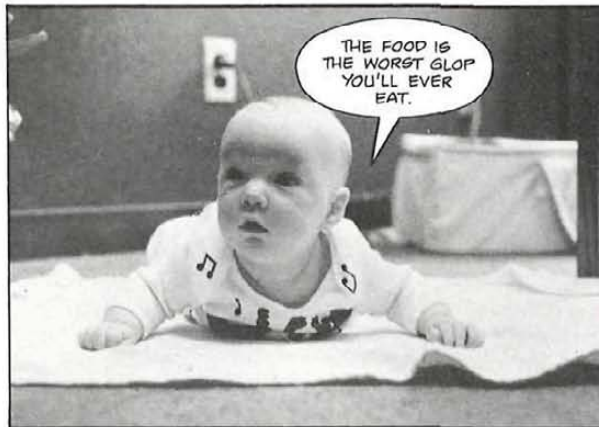
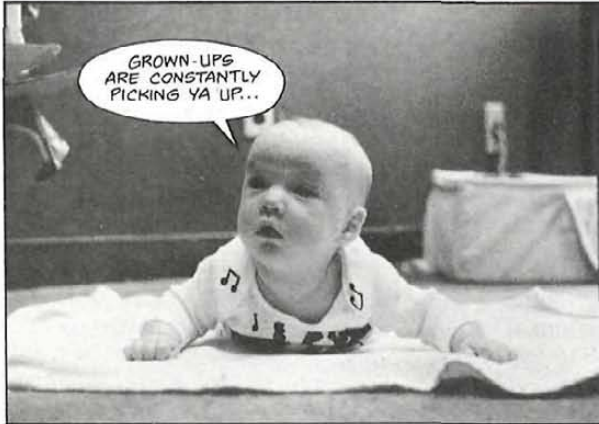
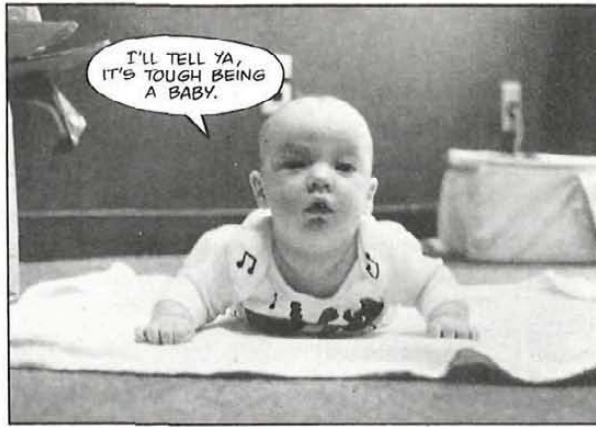


PHOTO PHUNNIES



long with an endless series of stupid questions that will make you wonder if his IQ will ever develop beyond the level of an insect's.

When this happens, you may actually be tempted to look up some of the answers and give your child direct, factual information—and thus permanently stifle his imagination and creativity! Instead of planting the seeds for just another accountant or insurance salesman, how much richer it is to keep the young mind guessing and full of fanciful reflections by turning to the one time-honored, all-inclusive answer that works perfectly for any question in the world. See how one wise mother handled the situation:

"Mommy, why is the sky blue?"

"Because."

"Mommy, why do flowers come out in the spring?"

"Because."

"Mommy, how does a washing machine work?"

"Because."

The child in question grew up to be a writer, poet, and politician.

At this stage, many children first become aware of the concept of death—perhaps by seeing a pet or grandparent pass away—and will ask what happens when someone dies. In order to prevent your child from growing up with terrible, unnecessary fears, you should now answer in an open, matter-of-fact, forthright fashion, and in terms to which a young mind can relate. For example, one knowing father sat his young son down quietly and put it this way: "Tell me, Johnny, did you ever put a broken toy away in a box? Well, when you die, they put you in a great big wooden box. Then they lower the box into the ground and heap dirt on it, just the way you do in the sandbox at the park. Pretty soon some cute little worms come out to play—the worms are hungry because their mommy didn't feed them, so they crawl into the box and begin eating you up. First they eat the good things on your outside, like your ears and eyes, and then, because the little worms are still hungry, they eat up all the tasty things inside you, like your kidneys and liver and tummy. Now, you might be afraid that this will tickle you or even hurt, but you'll be fast asleep through it all. In fact, you'll never exist, feel, or know anything else again forever and ever." This should set your child's mind at ease, and help him avoid the psychological

scars that would later turn him into a criminal or a homosexual (although other factors almost certainly will).

The Sixth Year— The School Stage

Here your child begins his true social development, a long, complicated period of life where if even the slightest part doesn't click perfectly into place, irreversible homosexual tendencies result.

Your child will make new friends in school, bring them home to "play" with, and then proceed to do nothing but fight with them for the entire afternoon.

"Mommy, Susie bit me out of turn!"

"I did not! I bit her *after* she burned me with the magnifying glass!"

Trying to be even reasonably fair in situations like this requires walking a mental tightrope that would have stumped the best minds in history, let alone your more or less average intellect. You'll make all the wrong decisions, traumatizing both children, then have to watch helplessly as they take one more step—perhaps the critical one—along the road to the gay bars and the gas chambers.

At this stage, your child will also bring home math problems that you won't know the answer to—such as what's the remainder of 17 divided by 4. This will play on your own insecurities, and quite possibly turn *you* into a homosexual.

The Seventh Year— The Sick Stage

By now, your child is bringing lots of other things home from school—whooping cough, mumps, chicken pox, "milk container herpes," and an endless succession of colds—and promptly passing them along to you, often several at a time. Too sick to care for yourself, let alone a child, you'll spend your few waking hours vomiting or hallucinating. In this stage, wives become too weak to feed their families; husbands lose so many days at work that they are invariably fired and the family paycheck stops. It becomes impossible to buy food, pay doctor's bills, or in any way maintain the normal process of living. Frequently during this period, the entire family dies and isn't found until several months later.

The Eighth Year—The Pre-Pre-Pre-Pre-Preteen Stage

Suddenly it's here—the moment that every parent dreads the most. You've known it was coming, you've tried your best to prepare for it, you've rehearsed your answer a thousand times over, but now that it's finally happening, you feel like Custer at his last stand.

"Mommy, where do babies come from?"

Your throat tightens. You panic. You feel dizzy, faint. You wish you could mentally transport yourself somewhere across the sea, or to another planet, like the people in the *National Enquirer*. You know that just one wrong syllable right now will make the normal act of sex seem totally disgusting and doom your child to a lifetime of shadowy gay bars, late-night S&M clubs, and quasi-legal emporiums with bathroom tile for wallpaper.

You look into those wide eyes, so trusting and innocent and eager, patiently awaiting your reply. Remembering what your own parents told you at this delicate moment, you swallow and say, "I'm doing dishes now. Ask me again next year."

The Ninth Year—The Pre-Pre-Preteen Stage

Carefully, your child has counted the days. Three hundred and sixty-five have gone by. You know it's time once again. And there it is.

You look into those wide eyes, so trusting and innocent and eager, patiently awaiting your reply. You swallow hard and say, "Did you say something? I couldn't hear you. Next year, talk louder."

The Tenth Year— The Pre-Pre-Preteen Stage

Yet another year has gone by. On your child's peach-smooth cheek you may even see the first faint herald of distant puberty—a tiny red forerunner of an acne blotch. That gangly, awkward, stick-like frame is taking on just the hint of some shape. You realize that your little girl is truly getting ready to become a woman (probably a lesbian); your little boy, a man (probably homosexual).

Those wide eyes, still trusting and innocent and eager, patiently await your answer. You swallow hard and say, "Forget about it. I'm

continued on page 57

AGELESS LOVE

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN



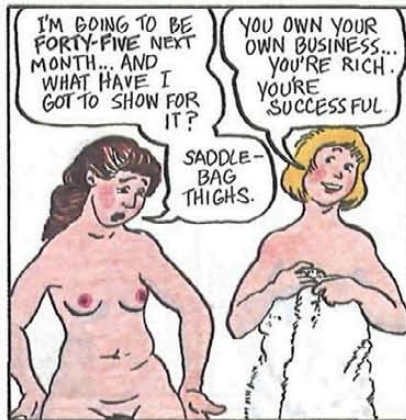
LOOK! A WRINKLE ON MY KNEE!

I'M NOT LOSING FAT... IT'S JUST RUNNING DOWN MY LEG.



WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT? AGING IS IN. JANE FONDA... GLORIA STEINEM... EVERYONE'S GETTING OLD THESE DAYS.

LAST WEEK I WAS IN BED WITH A GUY WHO GUESSED MY AGE BY COUNTING THE ROLLS OF FLAB ON MY TUMMY.



I'M GOING TO BE FORTY-FIVE NEXT MONTH... AND WHAT HAVE I GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?

YOU OWN YOUR OWN BUSINESS... YOU'RE RICH. YOU'RE SUCCESSFUL.

SADDLE-BAG THIGHS.



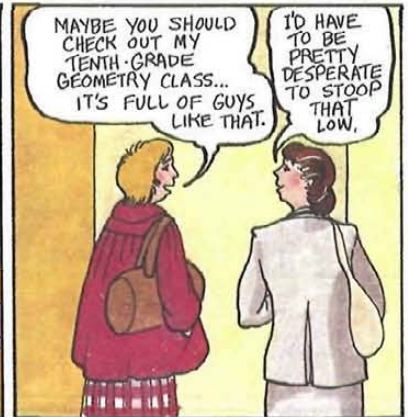
AND SINGLE.



ALL THE MEN MY AGE ARE EITHER MARRIED, GAY, OR GOING THROUGH A MID-LIFE CRISIS AND ONLY DATING TWENTY-YEAR-OLDS.



WHY CAN'T I HAVE A HEALTHY, YOUNG, STRAPPING, VIRILE, LUSTY... TEENAGER?



MAYBE YOU SHOULD CHECK OUT MY TENTH-GRADE GEOMETRY CLASS... IT'S FULL OF GUYS LIKE THAT.

I'D HAVE TO BE PRETTY DESPERATE TO STOOP THAT LOW.



HEY! ANYBODY WANT A HOT DATE WITH A SEXY BROAD TONIGHT?

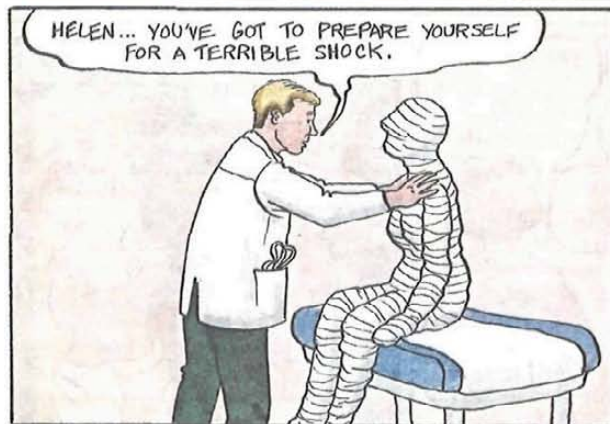
HOW INSULTING!

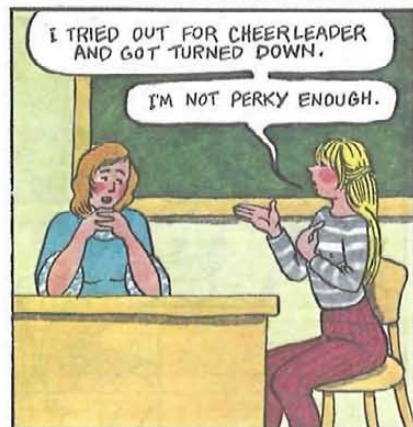
STAY HOME WITH YOUR KNITTING, LADY!

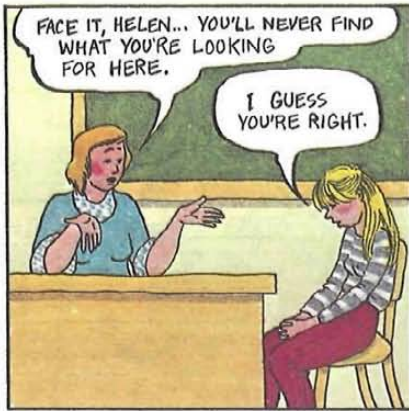
NO. THANKS I'M GAY.

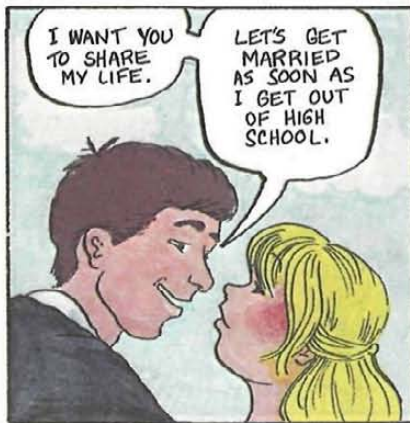
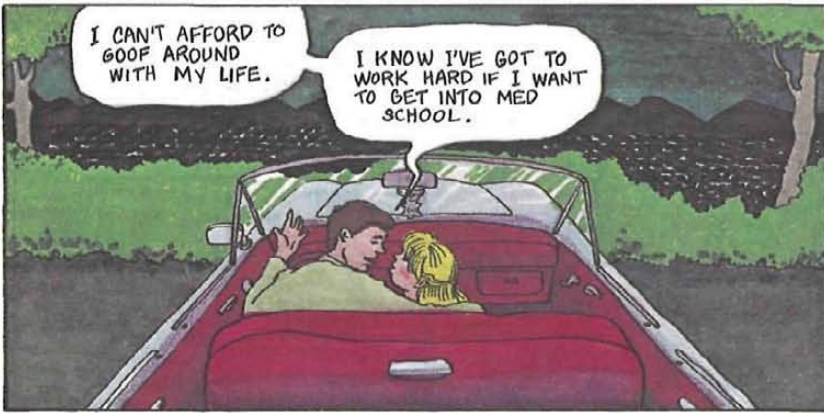


YA KNOW, HELEN... YOU LOOK TIRED. MAYBE YOU SHOULD CONSIDER A LITTLE PLASTIC SURGERY. A TUCK HERE AND THERE... YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN.











The ORIGIN of the

TITMAN

-WHO HE
IS AND
HOW HE
CAME
TO BE!

By Larry Sloman and Peter Kleinman
Illustrated by Ralph Reese

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, THE RICH INDUSTRIALIST CARNEGIE MELON AND HIS WIFE, HONEY, AND SON, BUSTER, WERE DINING AT THE SWANK CHARCOALERIE RESTAURANT IN AREOLA CITY ...



THEN TRAGEDY STRIKES IN THE FORM OF A "CLUMSY" WAITER, WHOSE INEPTITUDE IS AIDED BY A MYSTERIOUS, WELL-PLACED FOOT.



BUSTER TRIES TO **SAVE** HIS LIFE SOURCE, TO NO AVAIL.



THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH **TERROR** AND **SHOCK** AS THE **HORRIBLE SCENE** IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM,



DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE,

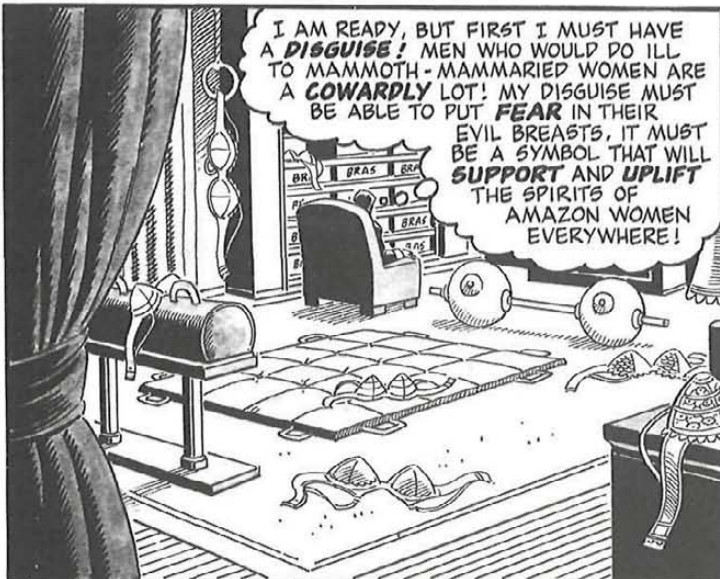
I SWEAR BY THE SPIRIT OF MY DEAR, DEAD **MOTHER** THAT THESE SCARRED HANDS SHALL AVENGE HER DEATH BY WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS WHO WOULD DO INJUSTICE TO **AMPLY ENDOWED WOMEN!**



AS THE YEARS PASS, **BUSTER MELON** TRAINS HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION, USING HIS DEAD MOTHER'S **STEEL-REINFORCED BRAS** IN A STRENUOUS REGIMEN OF ISOTONIC AND ISOMETRIC EXERCISES,



I AM READY, BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A **DISGUISE!** MEN WHO WOULD DO ILL TO MAMMOTH-MAMMARRIED WOMEN ARE A **COWARDLY** LOT! MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO PUT **FEAR** IN THEIR EVIL BREASTS. IT MUST BE A SYMBOL THAT WILL **SUPPORT** AND **UPLIFT** THE SPIRITS OF AMAZON WOMEN EVERYWHERE!

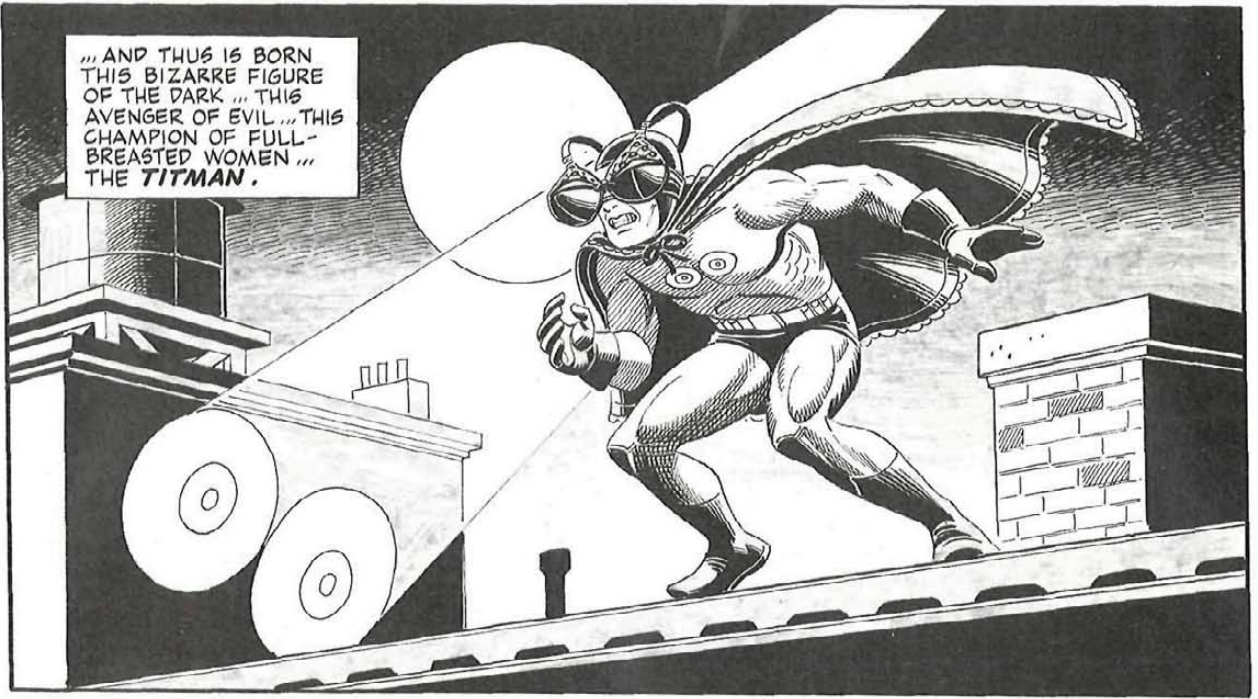


AS IF IN ANSWER, A **BLACK LACE BRA** FALLS INTO **BUSTER'S** FACE,



A **BRA!** THAT'S IT! IT'S AN **OMEN...** I SHALL BECOME **TITMAN!**

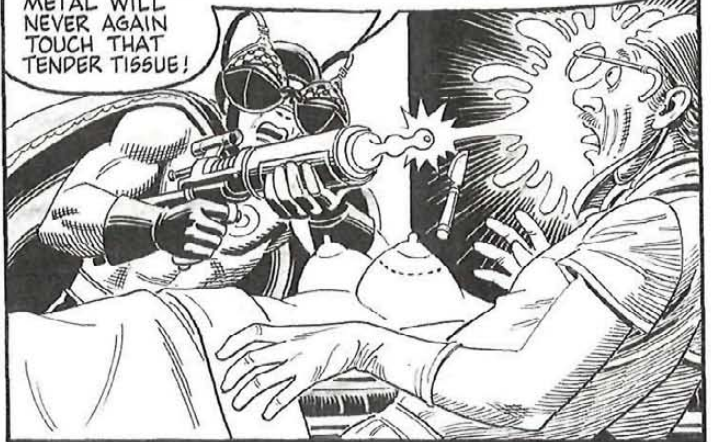
... AND THUS IS BORN THIS BIZARRE FIGURE OF THE DARK ... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL ... THIS CHAMPION OF FULL-BREADED WOMEN ... THE **TITMAN**.



IMMEDIATELY, THE **TITMAN** BEGAN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD VIOLATE BUSTY BEAUTIES, HE BEGAN BY SHUTTING DOWN THE OPERATION OF DR. FREDERICK VERTHAM, A NOTORIOUS PRACTITIONER OF **MAMMOPLEXY** AND **WAITER-TRIPPING**.



SO, WE MEET AGAIN! CEASE, YOU **FIEND**! VENGEANCE IS **MINE**! THANKS TO MY **LACTOLASER**, YOUR COLD METAL WILL NEVER AGAIN TOUCH THAT TENDER TISSUE!



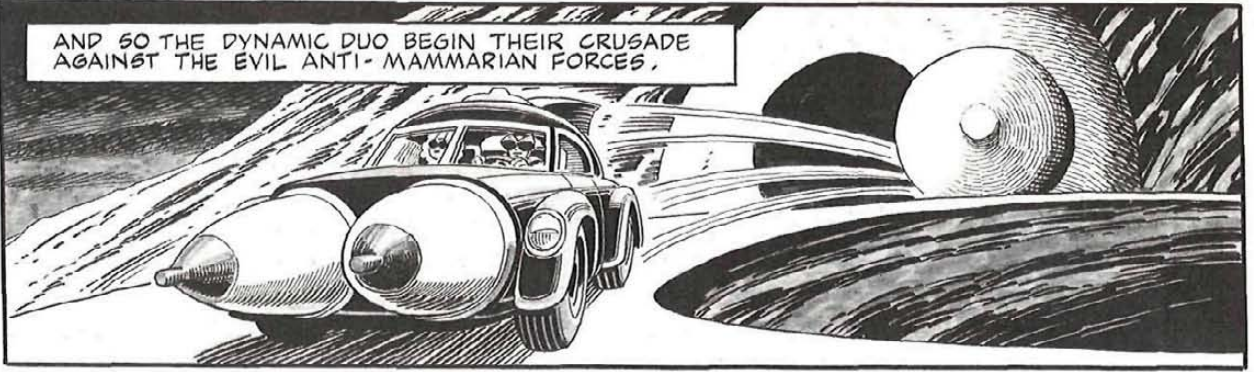
IT WAS **HORRIBLE**, **TITMAN**! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT EVIL SCIENTIST HAD ME CONVINCED THAT MY BREASTS WERE UGLY, USELESS APPENDAGES... THAT THE ONLY WAY I'D FIND HAPPINESS WAS TO LOOK LIKE A LITTLE FRENCH GAMIN NEWSBOY!

DON'T FRET, WE'VE GOT THOSE SICK NOTIONS OUT OF YOUR HEAD! AND NOW YOU CAN JOIN ME IN MY **CRUSADE**!



YOU'LL BE MY **WARD**! YOU CAN USE WHAT MOTHER NATURE HAS GENEROUSLY ENDOWED YOU WITH IN MY ONGOING STRUGGLE TO AVENGE MY MOTHER'S MAMMARIES! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BE KNOWN AS **BOBBIN**.

AND SO THE DYNAMIC DUO BEGIN THEIR CRUSADE AGAINST THE EVIL ANTI-MAMMARIAN FORCES.



THEIR FIRST STOP IS THE PREMIERE OF THE FALL LINE BY FAMED FASHION DESIGNER AND ANTI-MAMMARIAN YVES ST-LAURENT.

TAKE THIS, YOU MAMMARY CHAUVINIST PIG! NO LONGER WILL YOU FASCIST FASHION FAGALAS FOMENT THAT FLAT-CHESTED IDEAL!

ONE QUICK TREATMENT WITH MY BOOBSCOOPER WILL RELEASE THOSE REPRESSED LACTOHORMONES AND SOON YOU'LL ENJOY THE FULL, PENDULOUS FLOWERS OF WOMANHOOD!



NEXT STOP ... THE AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE ...

LET ME RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR EVIL BREAST BONDAGE. FULL-BOPIED WOMEN CAN GRAND-JETÉ TOO!

SO, BARYSHNIKOV, HOW ABOUT THIS PAS DE DEUX?

HIT ME AGAIN, BOBBIN. HIT ME AGAIN... WHAT? WHERE AM I? WAS I DREAMING?



WAS IT ALL REAL? OR JUST A FIGMENT OF KENNY FLACCID'S OVERACTIVE PITUITARY GLAND? OR PERHAPS AN OMEN OF THINGS TO COME?

end?

THE OFFICIAL NATIONAL LAMPOON



by Peter Kleinman and Heidi Berg

Attention, all you youths out there. If you want to grow up to be a rich, creative, happy, secure adult, then why don't you look around at all the rich, creative, happy, secure adults and see what kind of families they came from? You'll be surprised to learn that many of them come from "divorced households." Once thought of as a traumatic, negative experience for children to live through, divorce was avoided and not even spoken about in polite company. But in this enlightened age we are beginning to see divorce for what it really is: a broadening of the family unit and a means of letting family members explore the wonderful world of other families while still remaining within the proper legal and social confines. With the aid of your new *NL* Homewrecker Kit and a little resourcefulness on your part, you should be able to turn your present boring stable family scene into an exciting consciousness-expanding experience. When Mom and Dad split up, you won't be losing a parent, you'll be increasing your chances to become an heir apparent. Your new stepparents will want so desperately to be loved and respected by you that they will give in to almost any request no matter how unfair. Example: Say to your new stepmother, "Well, miss, the real reason Dad dumped Mom is because she was so stingy with us kids. Can I borrow a hundred?" You see how easy it is? Included on the following pages are specially designed visual aids for you to cut out and use in the clipping, uprooting, and repotting of the family tree that grows in your own backyard. With a little ingenuity you will soon be enjoying twice as many toys, twice as much affection, and twice as much cash as before. Who knows? You might end up with an extra-special bonus: real cute stepbrothers and -sisters who will let you have sex with them.

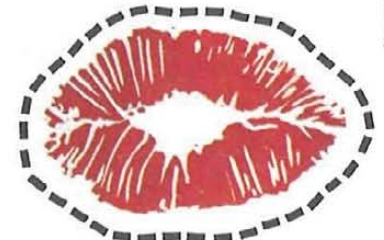
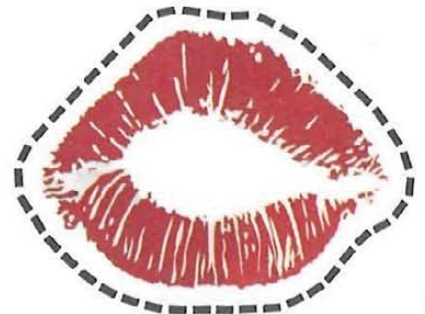
THE INCRIMINATING MATCHBOOK

Here's a neat little item that you can plant under the mattress, or better yet, in Dad's shirt pocket. Make sure it's a dirty shirt that Mom has to hand wash, and make sure the matchbook sticks out just enough to see.



LOVER'S LIP PRINTS

These are guaranteed to upset anyone. Put a set on the fly of Dad's golf pants, or better yet, on his jockstrap.



Jeanette Adams

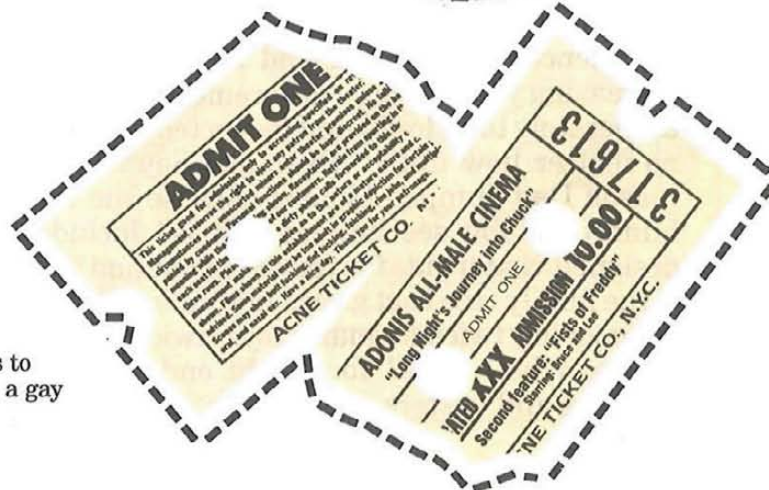
THE UNRETURNED MOTEL KEY

Wouldn't you be suspicious? Put it on either parent's key chain and just sit back and watch the show.



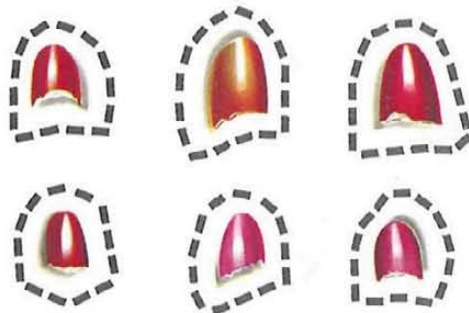
THE "ALL-MALE" STUBS

Put these beauties on Dad's bureau after he goes to work. There's nothing a woman hates more than a gay husband.



BROKEN FINGERNAILS

Several of these in the washing machine or in the clothes closet will be sure to grip Mom's attention.



THE "WHOSE IS THIS?" CONDOM WRAPPER

Place this little gem under Mom's pillow, barely showing.

RECEIPT FROM DR. BOB

Stick this in Mom's glove compartment and see what a rise you'll get. For even faster results, put it in her purse.

THE PLATINUM COATHANGER
"Abortion with discretion"
77 FALLOPIAN WAY, SUITE 16
YOURTOWN

89364

Date _____ 19____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For Services Rendered: *For termination of unwanted fetus in anonymous underage cutie* \$4000—

*Don't worry about a thing
I swear the little missus
will never find out about
this little, er, uh, indiscretion
shall we say
Bert
Dr. Bob*

CG-427 1/84



THE NAUGHTY POLAROID

Plant this anywhere that Mom might look.

LOVE NOTE FROM A STRANGER

This facsimile has been pre-ripped to add to its already suspicious nature. Leave it with Dad's tax forms, or better yet, in the crack of his easy chair.

but the most
sual of all is you. your
is, your hair, you're the
it mature, loving woman I've
ver met. Your husband is a
ool. How my heart aches each
moment we are apart. These daytime
trysts are too much to bear. I love you
Dad.

HANDY HOME- WRECKER TIPS

In addition to the wonderful items included here, there are a lot of other things you can do on your own with a little allowance money and some time.

1. Get some really cheap perfume. Any brand will do as long as it's not Mom's. Splash it on Dad's overcoat, on his dirty shorts. Even put the bottle in one of his pockets.

2. Buy one earring. A lousy, ugly, flashy one would be best. Put it in one of Dad's golf shoes.

3. Get one of your girlfriends to call the house during the day and ask for your father by whatever your mother's most affectionate nickname is for him.

4. Get some guy to call at night when your dad is home and ask for "Sweetmeat."

5. Beat yourself up. Tell Dad that Mom did it while on acid.

6. Throw out Dad's favorite golf clubs or other sports equipment. Mom will deny she did it, but he'll never believe her.

7. Ruin all the blades Dad shaves with, and leave them in the shower.

8. Get some male models to come to the house during the day by placing an open casting call for males only in the local papers. Then call Dad at work and tell him you're dying.

never going to tell you. Now go away?"

The Eleventh Year— The Pre-Preteen Stage

Your child no longer needs to ask. He or she has learned all about it from the other kids at school. They couldn't have gotten it *all* wrong. They think the man packs his sperm into a suitcase and sends it by Federal Express so it arrives the next business day. They think the woman then puts it in her wallet and takes it to the nearest shopping mall. They think she's inseminated by a credit card device, and that the baby is delivered through her eyes. They're hopelessly confused, and they're on a road from which there's no turning back now: you've failed as a parent and created another homosexual or lesbian, more fodder for the gay bars and the so-called "humane" death penalties by injection.

The Twelfth Year— The Preteen Stage

Metalized by braces, punctured everywhere by acne, sprouting body hair even on their fingernails, your children truly look like something from another planet and you wonder, once again, if maybe it isn't time to send your story to the *National Enquirer*. Your life is totally out of control, and both you and they know it.

At this point, many family experts suggest trying to initiate a dialogue. For instance, suppose that at dinner your preteen suddenly says, "I hate this soup!" You're entitled to express your anger in a nonjudgmental way and remind him that you have some rights, too. You might try replying, in a voice that's calm yet firm, "But I worked all day making this soup for you. Hey, is that your face above your neck or a pepperoni pizza?"

The Thirteenth Year— The Start of the Teens

During this stage, all normal boys will experience an incessant, ceaseless urge to masturbate all day long. As a psychologically aware parent, it is your duty not to interfere with this natural process of sexual development and, indeed, to encourage it. Buy those cellophane-wrapped magazines they keep in the back of the local candy store and wallpaper your house with the pic-

tures that take more than a page. Get cable TV and tune only to the channels that are letters instead of numbers. Buy movies for the VCR that consist of nothing but women's names and the cities they're visiting (like *Bambi Does Philadelphia*). Remember, if your teenage son gets a sudden urge to "handle the candle" and has to take the time to pull a magazine out from under his mattress and then walk all the way over to the bathroom, the resulting frustration will surely turn him into a you-know-what. That is, if he isn't one already.

Around this age, girls will start to menstruate. The best way to deal with this is to tell your daughter nothing about it whatsoever, except that it's nature's way of preparing her to have a baby, so that someday she can have a child that she can't bring herself to discuss it with, and so on forever through the great chain of life.

The Fourteenth Year— The Obsessive Stage

Psychologists actually divide the teenage years into five hundred separate divisions, ranging from the Ridiculously Sexual Stage through the Overwhelmingly Sexual Stage to the Excruciatingly Sexual Stage.

During this period, teenagers think about nothing but sex, talk about nothing but sex, and believe that every object in the world, even things like tractor-trailer bearings and digital postal scales, have something to do with sex.

At this time you may finally want to bring the subject out in the open. For example, a typical father-son conversation might go something like this:

"So, son."

"So, Dad."

"Uh, son, there's something I wanted to talk to you about."

"Yeah, I guess I know what it is, Dad."

"Tell me, son, the girls in your generation, do they ever—well, you know what I mean. Your mother, she says it's disgusting and it's bad for her teeth. She should see how hard I work down at the office, she'd understand why I need something a little special to relax—is that such a terrible thing? I don't know, son. I guess maybe our whole marriage isn't doing so well these days. She just doesn't seem to be interested in me anymore. I'm not saying it's all her fault, and maybe I'm not all the man I used to be, but she could try a little harder. Son, I think maybe I'm drinking a little too much lately. This thing's really getting to me."



"I wouldn't say that jerking off ten times a day is a health risk, but maybe you should use your left hand once in a while."

Young today, dim tomorrow

Omigod!

"Sorry, Dad. I have to go now. My date's here. Maybe we can talk about it next year."

NOTE: At this point, be sure and check to see if his date is a man. If it is, you've made one minor mistake or another somewhere along the line and, just as you always feared, raised a homosexual.

The Fifteenth Year— The Loud Stage

Too young for hard drugs, your teenage children will discover loud music and play it incessantly. They'll use the computer you bought them for schoolwork to get into your savings account and spend all of your money on albums by groups that didn't exist an hour ago. They'll play ear-shattering music twenty-four hours a day, and you won't get a second of sleep all year.

At this point, it's important to stress to your son or daughter that he or she has family responsibilities, too—indeed, this may be your very last chance to instill a conscience and a developing moral sense in your teenager. As so many astute parents do, simply shout the following as loud as you can: "Schopenhauer manifestly implied that the moral imperative and the ultimate foundations of human-

ism are both fundamentally and inextricably interrelated." Then move out.

The Sixteenth Year— The Arson Stage

At this point, aggravated by constant failure at school, rejected by one true love after another, and angry because you refuse to buy him a brand-new Porsche, your teenager will burn your house down out of frustration. While this may strain your relationship with your brother-in-law (who sold you your insurance), be assured that it is the natural, healthy thing for a child at this stage.

When this happens, you and your spouse may well feel that the rigors of child rearing have become so agonizing that you can bear them no longer. You may even wish your parents had made some minor mistake in raising you so that you would be a homosexual and not have children today. Fortunately, however, you can take encouragement in the fact that, even for the most outwardly well-adjusted youngster, the adolescent years are highly sensitive ones. Teenage suicide is on the rise all across the nation, abetted by smart parents who gently prod their high-strung sons and daughters over the

edge with statements like "No, acne like that will never go away, omlette face!" Or "A girl like Sue go to the prom with you? I'm sure she'd rather go out with someone who's much better-looking—like the six-eyed alien pictured here in the *National Enquirer*."

Some teenagers will even be considerate enough to commit suicide without any effort at all from you, and truly concerned ones will make sure you don't find their bodies right before an important episode of *Dallas* or *Dynasty*. One reliable sign of an impending natural suicide is when a teenager starts to write bad poetry.

The Seventeenth Year— The Disappearing Stage

At this stage, teenagers run away from home, and no one has any idea what they do, so there's nothing to advise you about. Enjoy your free time and try to build yourself up for the next stage when, unfortunately, they come back.

The Eighteenth Year—The Gas-Station-Robbing Stage

By now, your son or daughter is almost grown, a miniature likeness of you, and you may even feel a bit of sadness at the realization that your happy years of parenting are about to come to an end.

If you have done your job correctly, your energetic, exuberant youngster will already have masterminded several successful holdups, will be profitably dealing in marijuana, cocaine, and out-of-state beer, and will go around making totally incomprehensible sounds that mean "I'm hungry" and "I hate you."

By this stage, too, all children, without exception, will have had various homosexual experiences, and many, due to bad parenting by people like you, will be permanent homosexuals or lesbians.

The Nineteenth Year— The Send-Me-Money Stage

At this stage, your child will most likely be away from home, either in college or in prison. Your job as parent now finally goes from that of assembly line worker to executive as you become your child's sophisticated financial consultant, or "cash machine." Simply plant yourself in a convenient location (preferably

continued on page 90



"Jesus! All I did was say 'Hi.'"

deadteen®

WPS 7403

Self-immolation:
the hot new stress cure

18 ways to off yourself

Death—
the easy way to stay thin
Color your skin blue—
this year's most exciting look

How to write a will

What to wear when
"going out"

Win a suicide pact with
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Which dry-cleaning wrap
sticks best to your face?

**"Now that Mom's bought this new
Fridge-O-Matic,
I'll soon be the coolest kid on the block."**

-Bobby Johnson



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EDITORIAL

This has been a banner year for *Deadteen*. What with a growing single-parent living situation, tougher school standards, and fewer food stamps, not to mention the ever-present school cliques, athletic-team player limits, and parents who "just don't understand," kids are finding it tougher than ever to cope. What were usually last choices in a long list of options have suddenly become priorities. Our youths are opting for the ultimate escape from society: suicide. What can we at *Deadteen* be expected to do in response? What can we as journalists do about this growing problem, this disease of despair, this threat to our youngsters?

First, let me tell you what we've already accomplished. We've increased our circulation by 40 percent, advertising is up 2,600 lines, and we've correspondingly raised our rates and doubled our ad staff. Next month we inaugurate our first foreign edition in Sweden. In the fall we plan a massive TV, radio, and print marketing campaign.

So what are we, as concerned journalists, going to do about this growing problem? Nothing.

YOUR LETTERS

Moving on

Please cancel my subscription, as I won't be reading your magazine after they find my body hanging in the woods.

Billy Tyler, New Rochelle, N.Y.

Planning for the future

I leave my whole baseball card collection to my younger brother, Jimmy. My Foreigner and Survivor albums to my sister, Judy. My soccer ball to my ex-best friend, Cliff. And I leave a lot of guilt to my parents.

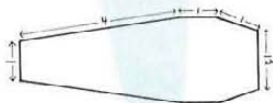
Roger Washington, Tarzana, Calif.

A friendly hello

Hi! How are you? I am fine. I am writing you from Chile. General Pinochet has sent me to a camp. 😊 I like this camp better than the football field I stayed in for two weeks. That one was too crowded. 😞 This one is crowded, too. But it gets less crowded everyday. 😊 My best friends are Isabella, Maria, and Juanita. But they are dead. My other best friend is Ismelda. But she is in solitary confinement. But I have become friends with her sister. She doesn't talk much because her tongue was cut out. But I like her anyway. 😊 We are kept very busy here. My favorite activity is shop class. We



make boxes. Here is a picture of a box I made in shop class.



My guard liked it so much, he asked me to make 10,000 more. Maybe one day I will make a real nice box for myself.

Mariella, Buchenwaldo, Chile

P.S. Could you possibly ask the general to take my brother's head off the pole leading into the Parliament Building, as it bothers my mother a lot. Thanx.

Straight talk

Do me a favor and pass on to whoever is in charge of Russia this message: Please do not blow us up, as I have not been laid yet. Thank you.

Ross Grant, Bloomington, Ind.

Editor's note: While the above letter doesn't quite conform to our editorial slant, we thought the social issues it raises are of such overriding importance we decided to print it in its entirety.

MR. REAPER'S ADVICE COLUMN



Dear Mr. Reaper:
My father and I are in the midst of a terrible argument. He wants me to go to college after high school, but I want to join the armed services. What should I do?

Confused

Dear Confused:
Slit your throat.

Dear Mr. Reaper:
Ever since my girlfriend, Judy, left me, my grades have gone down, my batting average has slipped, I've performed my chores sloppily. I've just been a mess. Is there anything I can do to get out of this funk?

In a Funk

Dear In a:
Jump off a bridge.

Dear Mr. Reaper:
I am writing you with a gun to my head. I hate myself. No one understands me, and those who do hate me also. I am going to pull this trigger any second now. Am I doing the right thing?

Help Me

Dear Help Me:
Yes.

News...News...News...

From our Philadelphia, Mississippi, desk comes this report of mass suicides by black teenagers over the last few weeks. Sheriff Denton "Bull" Frogg stated: "The Negroes broke their wrists, tied their hands to their legs behind their backs, then, as we can see from the welts on their bodies, beat themselves up for at least five hours, knocked out their own teeth, gagged and blindfolded themselves, swam in tar, played in goose feathers, dragged themselves from behind a 1979 Ford pickup going over permissible speed limits, shoved twenty ice picks into their hearts, jumped off a cliff, tried to drown themselves in bur-lap bags with rocks to weigh them down, carved "Don't touch my sister" on their foreheads, stuck guns to their backs, pulled the triggers, and then

hanged themselves in their own neighborhoods to show everyone what rotten sonsabitches they had been."

In Los Angeles, police were able to avert a suicide attempt by killing a despondent teen, Toby Fuller. It was the considered opinion of Police Chief Darryl Gates that Fuller, who held a gun to his head, posed a "considerable danger" to himself. "We believed we had to get him before he could hurt himself," the Chief said. It was also reported that the Chief ordered the police on the scene to "go for the gun." Of the eighty police officers on the scene, only one hit the gun. "I guess that's the one I should have gotten to do the job in the first place," mused Chief Gates.

MIXING COCKTAILS WITH MITZI



BY MITZI TOWFLOW

When I throw a fête I like to concoct interesting cocktails for my friends and myself. I find it breaks the ice in uncomfortable social settings. My favorite drink? A phenobarbital Collins. Here is my recipe:

Phenobarbital Collins
2 jiggers of lime juice
1/2 teaspoon of sugar
3 cups of grain alcohol
47 phenobarbital tablets

Stir well. Serves one

BEST BUYS! BEST BUYS! BEST BUYS!

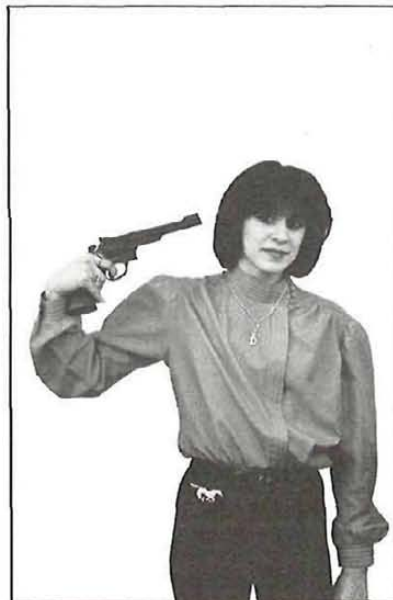
Of interest to our readers: Coming out this month on videocassettes—*Romeo and Juliet*, *West Side Story*, *Ordinary People*, *Surviving*, *Ode to Billy Joe*, and *The Stinky Slits in Concert!* Available in VHS & Beta format.

The petroleum industry likes to boast that the best ropes in the world are made up of polypropylene filaments, a product of the petroleum industry. *Deadteen* decided to test this boast, and we set up our own panel of ten teen experts, who tried the ropes themselves. Of the ten teens, one was left permanently paralyzed, while the other nine were pronounced dead on the spot—leaving us to conclude that nine out of ten teens are indeed satisfied with the polypropylene-manufactured ropes. For more information write to: Polypropylene Manufacturers of America 714 Lude Street Ogden, Utah

When you want to buy now to wear later, what does *Deadteen* suggest? ACME Plastics... the body bag people. ACME body bags are water-resistant and come in three sizes and three attractive colors: black, heaven-blue, cemetery gray. To order send to: ACME Plastics... the body bag people 1122 Death Row Grave City, Iowa

Is Cindy Green dead? Sure is! Because Cindy's dad buys DUM-DUM bullets! We at *Deadteen* found Dum-Dum bullets to be the most effective, explosive bullets money can buy. So did Cindy.

Dum-Dums are available in boxes of 50 or 100. Send to: Dum-Dums P.O. Box 71 Gluxton, North Carolina

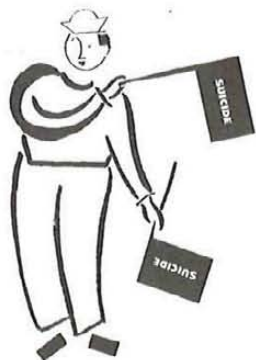


Suicide Signals

The suicidal teen often sends out signals that he or she is contemplating death. Look at this list and see how many apply to you.

If you answered yes to

- 1-2: You are normal, if a little emotional.
- 3-5: You are going through life with a few less frames per second.
- 6-9: You have scars all over your body and your classmates look at you funny.
- 10-11: You are on the precipice with an anvil tied to your leg.
- 12+: You are dead.



You like football.

Sports have always been considered a healthy outlet for the active teen as well as a way for shy, fat kids to make friends and lose weight. But recent studies have shown sports for what they really are: a death wish! And football is the biggest killer of all.

A sport in which the athlete is guaranteed to suffer at least one major injury in his playing career is a sport rife with psychotics. That just might mean that you, the athlete, are a potential suicide. If you are a small running back with family troubles, enjoy having your bones broken, and are anxious for the escaping bone marrow to cause death from blood poisoning, you are a potential suicide. On the other side of the line, if you are a large, hulking lineman unpopular with the "other" sex, you may suffer from doubts about your masculinity and find you need to cause blood poisoning in the opposition players to prove you butter your bread on the correct side, so to speak. In this case, you are probably not suicidal, just a bastard.

You get straight A's in school.

Silent but deadly, the classroom, or "killing fields," as it is now referred to, seems to do more for the proud parent than for you, the diligent teen. Just why are you indoors doing your paper on the ecosystem rather than outside drinking, doing drugs, driving fast, picking up "chicks," tripping old men, stealing, and beating up minorities? These are activities the nonsuicidal teen enjoys. (Activ-

ities, by the way, that demand interaction, sometimes one-on-one, sometimes twelve-on-one.) It's prob-



A normal child.

ably because you are a psycho and have trouble relating to kids your own age, all of whom can be found outside your window making fun of you. For companionship, you cavort with obtuse angles, Greek textbooks, and petri dishes, things that cannot hurt you, unless you cut your jugular with the sharp side of a protractor.

You like sex.

This is the killer! Sex is no longer a beautiful, orgasmic experience between two people in love, as it was when your parents were young. Sex is a cry for help. A painful yearning for attention. "Look," you are saying, "I have a penis! Touch it!" Or "I have a vagina, let us conjoin!" This is very dangerous stuff. Sex is a warning sign. It flashes the yellow "yield" sign for "I am unwanted, please love me... I am unwanted, please love me." Sex is like putting a lampshade on one's head or putting a dead, bloody frog down a girl's dress. It's an attention-grabber by someone in need of attention. An alternative to sex might find you jumping off the

Empire State Building, stark naked, painted like the flag with streamers around your neck, firecrackers up your ass, and a small band on the sidewalk to greet you.

You are born again.

It is a known fact: The faster you are introduced to God, the sooner you will meet Him in person. Religion preaches that life stinks and that in death you will get all the chocolate malteds you can eat and not throw up, and in heaven eating ice cream fast doesn't give you a headache and Sally Field never wears a bra. Life on earth has always been recognized as a way station by the cloth. The Church gives you a taste of God's nectar, then tells you to pass that way station, get chased by cops, crash into a deep ravine, and meet your Maker. Why else do nuns beat children, rabbis preach atonement, and ministers build huge, expensive



A signal?

churches in ghettos? They're giving you a head start on how much life sucks and offering a gentle nudge toward heaven.

10 More Suicide Signals

- You tie your sneakers with noose knots.
- You shave your wrists.
- In shop class, while the other kids are making clay pots, you build a mausoleum.
- When asked to stand up in class and say something about yourself, you speak in the past tense.
- You put your picture in the bull's-eye of a dart board.
- You take up extracurricular activities like hang gliding, rock climbing, Russian roulette, and parachuting.
- You allow yourself to be bussed.
- You find yourself running around your home screaming, "I'm going to kill myself!!"
- You take blood transfusions from gay Haitian junkies.
- As a summer project, you have chosen to organize labor unions in El Salvador.

SOME KIDS TELL US A FEW THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE FUN

Free-falling down an Elevator Shaft

Free-falling down an elevator shaft is not nearly as difficult as it might sound. In fact, prying open the elevator door is the hardest part. But once pried, it's PRIED! What I do is, I wait until the elevator comes. As it passes my floor (I live on the eighteenth floor) I grab onto the bottom of the elevator, legs straight, feet pointed, say "Hi" to the occupants, then let go, do a tuck, a double somersault, and a butterfly, and fall. It's a great feeling...until you land. Unfortunately, you can only do this once.

—Lionel P.

Why I Like to Drive Drunk

When I get fucked up, I mean when I get looped!, I mean when I get stinking, retching, vomit-oozing fried, so wasted my head has the consistency of a beer fart, that's when I like to take the car out for a drive. All my friends love it, too, because I go real fast and don't know where I'm going because I'm almost blind and see twelve of everything even when I keep my eyes open. Besides, they're fucked up, too, so it's like going to the amusement park and riding the Magic Teacups, but for free. I've also got a great car to crash in, which helps. It's a '77 Firebird (before catalytic converters!) with the roof down. Actually, the roof got sheared off when I flipped over once. The Firebird can go 0-100 in 11.6 seconds, which is very important when being chased by cops or your parents.

Why do I like to drive drunk? Because I feel free. I like the wind in my hair, as well as anything else I hit. I once needed sixteen stitches after a wheelchair smacked me above the eye. I also like the camaraderie. Dave, my wastoid friend, his father's a doctor, so Dave grabs Dr. Dave's little black bag and we go for a ride. I grab Dave's little sister, who's fucked up in the head and likes to go down on Dave's pals at 100 mph, while Dave is in the back seat playing doctor with himself. Once, I hit a bump, she nibbled, I hit the brakes, and she went flying through the windshield. It was pretty funny. I've still got her ear hanging from my rearview mirror.

But I don't always drive drunk just for fun. Sometimes I do it for my parents. I know how much they like "game" meat. So I drive into the forest and hunt down deer, bear, and rabbit with my 'bird. They appreciate it. I find there's lots of things that I do driving drunk I ordinarily wouldn't do.

—Ogden R., Jr.

The Stationary Drive

Although I'm not old enough to drive, I like to sneak into the garage, close all the doors and windows so no one can hear me,

turn on the engine, and pretend I'm driving out into the country while all the time staying in the garage. Sometimes I pretend I'm a race-car driver. I step on the gas and can feel the car shudder underneath me as I pass drivers right and left. Suddenly, an explosion! It's a horrible accident involving Mario Andretti and Paul Newman. There is fire everywhere and I have to step on the gas again and swerve away.

I also pretend I'm John Kennedy's driver, waving to everyone in Dallas until CRACK...CRACK...CRACK...and I step on the gas and race off again.

After I've stepped on the gas enough, I can pretend I'm an ambulance driver in World War II London during the bombing, because the carbon monoxide coming from the exhaust pipe looks like a fog bank rolling in off the Thames. After playing this game for a while, I get tired and go to sleep.

—Mickey L.

Devil Worship

Kill your father,
Cut off his head.
Fuck your mother,
Bake her bread.
Take your parents' lives,
Throw them in the river.
Grab a knife
And stick it in your liver!

—*"The Death Song"*
The Stinky Slits
Arista Records

My parents hated the Slits. But now they're dead so who cares what they think. They only think dead thoughts now. I like to think it was the Slits who got me out of my home and doing things, like vivisection. When I bought the Slits' first album, *Sticky Wad of Love*, I thought they were just another good band with a good beat no one could copy. Then I found that when I stuck the volume level up to 10, my father would get really mad and race up the stairs to my room, screaming. And he did this every time I played that album at 10, about thirteen times a day. It got to the point where I felt I controlled my father's destiny. Like I had strings attached to him but I controlled the strings! And I thought that was pretty mystical. Then, on a lark, I played the album backwards. At first I didn't get much, mostly "sdkjfuclfxsuxy 8qydcn." But then I found when I took some dust, that batch of nothingness became "The Death Song"! And I played it over and over again, tiring the shit out of my father. But I couldn't stop. Then I read up about death and Charlie Manson and the devil. And I actually tried some of the things I read about in those devil-worship books. I sacrificed my sister. It was easy. Then I killed my father, fucked my mother, and threw them in the river. And we all know what's next, don't we!

—Damien Z.



*When your blood need flow
like a rivulet,
Why not call on our
Lady Juliet.*



Juliet...

Always on the razor's edge!

When the Sidewalk Ended

by Rick Meyerowitz



I was sitting down to a natural
meal,
Mallomars, Oreos, and Twinkies,
to heal
Whatever had ailed me, sore
muscles or gout
And a mega-hangover from being
stoned out
On acid, on coke, on fine
sensimilla
I buy in the park where anyone
will deal ya.
Then came this big flash, lit up
the whole place.
FAR OUT! IT'S NIRVANA! I
thought from the space
That had opened just where the
floor used to be.
I tumbled and fell like a rock in
the sea.
I landed real hard. Too much!
What a shock!
My house vaporized, so did my
whole block.
It just blew my mind. Blew away
all my clothes.
For a moment I wondered if I'd
overdosed.
It came to me then this wasn't a
sport...
**I'D JUST HAD A TRIP OF THE
NUCLEAR SORT!**
**A 500-MEGATON HYDROGEN
SNORT!**
**A RIPROARIN' HOLOCAUST
WE COULDN'T ABORT!**
**FOUR BILLION LAWSUITS
SETTLED OUT OF COURT!**
I can't resist saying I felt like
Belushi.
My body was wired, my brain was
like sushi.
I thought of my room, my
California-sized stash.
Six—no, eight—kilos turned into
ash!
It's floating high up on the
barbecue breeze,
Being zapped with some rays, Z's,
X's, and G's.
Oh no! I then cried. My income,
I'm ruined!
My financial picture, completely
been pruned.
It was then that it hit me and my
rage abated:
Not just my stash, the world was
cremated.
Embracing all molecules in
atomical grip—
**MAAA, WAKE ME UP, I'M ON A
BAAAD TRIP!**

MUTANTS

One, two, three, four,
Arms and legs and heads and
more.

Look like spiders, look like
worms,

Look like slimy, sickly germs,
Look like eggs all soft and runny.
What they look like turns my
tummy!

Shoot 'em down, says the boss.
Kill 'em, priests say, ain't no loss.
They're not us, they ain't human.
Blow 'em away, we're the true
men!

Trouble is, I got to thinkin'
'Bout times gone by, ideas I'm
linkin'.

Seems to me we been here before,
Always some folks to shut the
door

On others, different in some way,
Color of their skin or the way
they pray.

It's time to change, that's what I
say.

////////////////AAAAATTZ!

We interrupt this poem today
To show what happens if you
think this way.

It won't be tolerated, you can't
Give any thought to a damned
mutant.

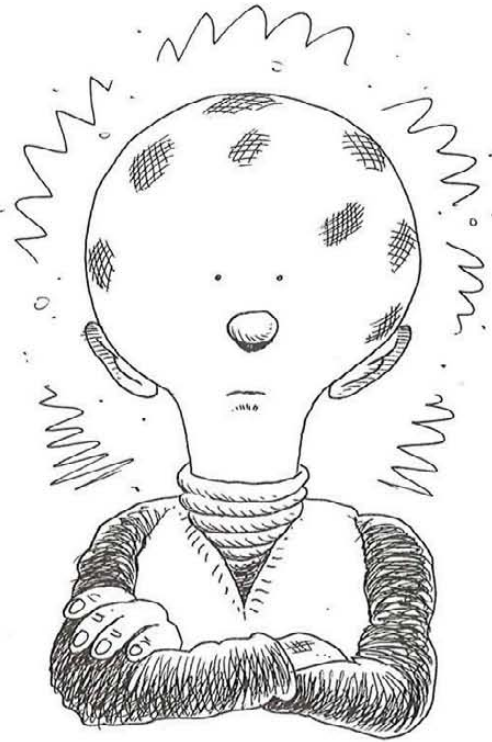
So don't get ideas,
No personal performance.
In post Armageddia
There's only conformance!



DE WINTER

Cut de dark with my knife.
(Need it often, save my life.)
Can't see shit, ain't no light,
Air too thick, it always night.
Cold down here, been so fo' a while.
Can't see no danger, can't see no smile.
Winter come in summer, ain't my style.
Three years gone by, it here a while.
I gon' head south. Thas my fate.
Then I hear it's same in all de states.
Maybe so. Maybe not.
Change gon' come—it be hot!
Winter be summer, thas what I hears.
Jus' gotta wait... five mo' years.





NEON LEON

My hair fell off
(I had to coff),
There's lots of dust in the air.
It's on the ground,
It's all around.
(It used to be in my hair.)

My eyes are stinging,
My ears are ringing,
I've got big sores everywhere—
On my hands, on my feet
(They look like raw meat),
And wherever there used to be hair.

I found a piece of mirror tonight,
One look told me I wasn't attractive.
But I glowed in the dark
Like a flame, like a spark!
I'm certainly radioactive!

Long after I'm dead
I'll probably glow red,
A color resembling lime neon,
To warn away those
Who might get too close.
My half-life is twenty-eight eons.

HOLE

Ah, but it's great to be home.
Safe, secure, and alone.
Turn on the TV, see the president's face
Thru the static and fuzz, the low 'tronic buzz.
He tells me I'm fine, I got steel up my spine.
The Commies is gone (his triumph, his song).
Rise up! He says we can!
I turn off that old man!
We reaps what we sows.
I guess that I knows.
Nite comes to my hole.
Water drips, water glows.



PEACEMAKER

The river, orange in reflected
light,
Burned and boiled.
I saw it at night.
It poured fire, broiled cats and
dogs,
Streets melted and runny in
asphalt-like bogs.
Baking in ovens, the ones who
were left,
The grown-ups, the children, the
lost, and the rest.
Can't hide from these flames
That Hiroshima once burned.
The balance of trade has finally
turned.
But not in our favor
(Or so it would seem),
Just a couple of billion
Turned into steam.



TREES

I think that I shall never see
again
A thing that is called a tree
again.
They were all blown away
Last Judgment Day
And I doubt that they ever will be
again.

RATZ

Rats, rats, bigger than cats,
Bigger than dogs,
Bigger than that!
Larger than sofas,
Running down halls,
Meaner'n hell,
Chewing thru walls.
Climbing the rubble (melted like cheese),
Sniffin' the ionic, metallic breeze.
Rats in the streets, rats below ground,
Crashin' an' smashin' an' bashin' they pound,
Out thru their tunnels,
Out from their holes,
Out from their nests,
Eyes gleaming like coals.
They gather atop this blown, damned, dead city,
Enthroned with the roaches.
Now, ain't that shitty?



The surprising world of 2085 A.D. won't come as a surprise to you . . .

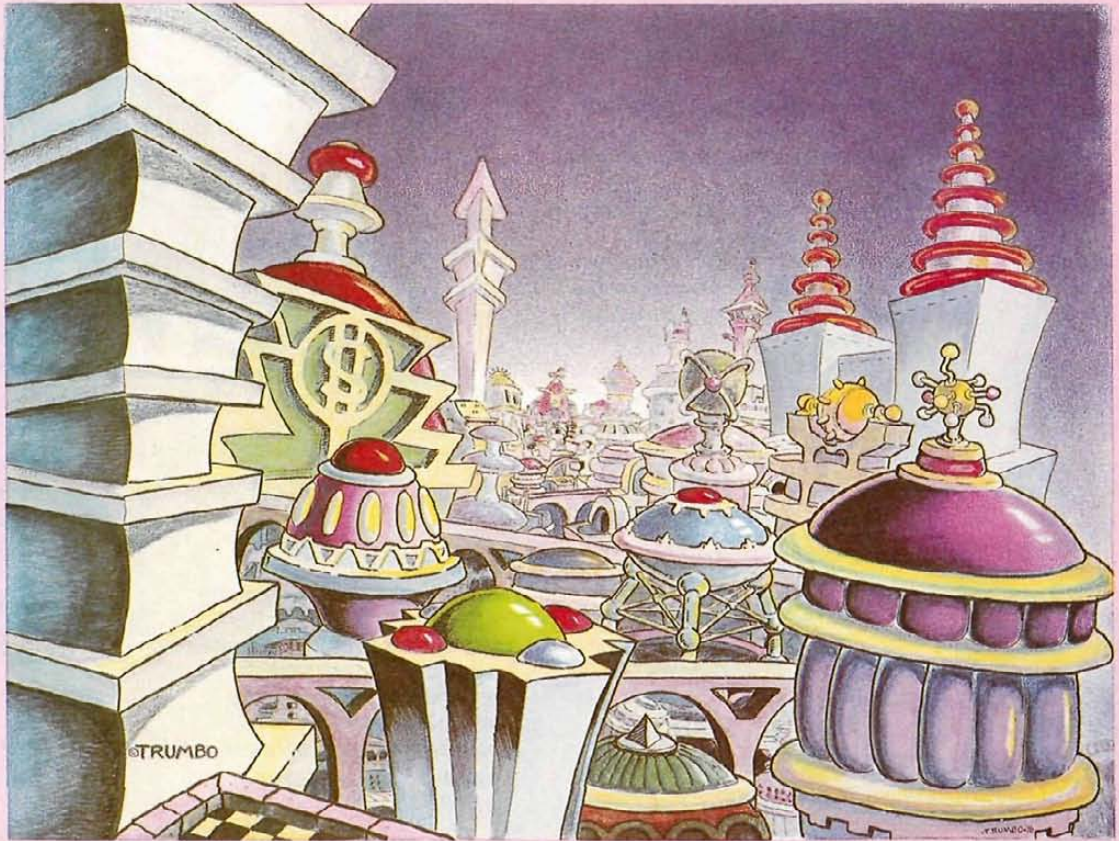


Illustration © Phil Trumbo

. . . because you will have read all about it in *Heavy Metal*.

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Franklin W. Dixon will go down in the annals of literature as perhaps the finest practitioner of the youth adventure genre. His teenage amateur sleuths, the Hardy Boys, have captured the imagination of young readers the world over. The all-American boy-next-door personas of Joe and Frank Hardy were the result of years of painstaking experimentation on Dixon's part. However, the recent death of his widow, Emma, has unsealed Dixon's literary estate and unearthed a treasure trove of early manuscripts that shed new light on the creative process that culminated in the legendary Hardy adventure series. These early works, published here for the first time, reveal a daring and avant-garde aspect of Dixon's genius heretofore unheralded. We at the *National Lampoon* are proud to present...

The Undiscovered Notebooks of Franklin W. Dixon

Compiled by Peter Kleinman and Larry Sloman

The Party Boys in The Case of the Missing Scotch

"Watch out, fellows," said Chet Norton cautiously. "You almost spilled your father's twelve-year-old Scotch."

"So what, you blimp!" laughed Joe Party derisively.

"Chet, man, don't bogart that fuckin' joint," commanded Frank, the older, brown-haired Party boy.

Frank snatched the odd cigarette from his friend's hand and then took a large gulp of his father's rare Scotch.

"Check this out," cried Joe drunkenly. "I can piss clear across the room," he said as he pulled his penis out of his pants and propelled a colorful yellow stream across the neat master bedroom of Fenton Party, splashing his brother and their longtime ruddy-faced stocky chum Chet in the process.

"Hey, I bet you can't hit the fucking ceiling," laughed Frank as he vainly tried to dodge his brother's geyser.

Joe took dead aim at the light fixture on the ceiling but only managed to hit the top of Mr. Party's dresser, soaking some very important-looking papers that were lying there.

"Good shot, Joe," Frank applauded. "You just pissed

all over Dad's completed tax returns that that asshole accountant dropped off yesterday."

"Fuck him," Joe burped, then climbed to the top of the large bureau. "Here, let the fucking IRS deduct this!" He pulled his pants down and began to defecate on the still-soggy papers.

The brothers laughed hysterically, but Chet showed some signs of concern.

"Are you fellows sure we won't get in trouble for this?" he queried cautiously.

"Pipe down, you fat faggot," Frank grinned. "The old fart won't be back for two whole days and we got the whole house to ourselves. Right, Joe?" asked Frank of his younger blond brother.

"Paaaaaaarrrrrrrrtttttyyyyyy," drawled Joe.

"Hey, blimpface, do we got any of that coke left?" asked Frank of Chet.

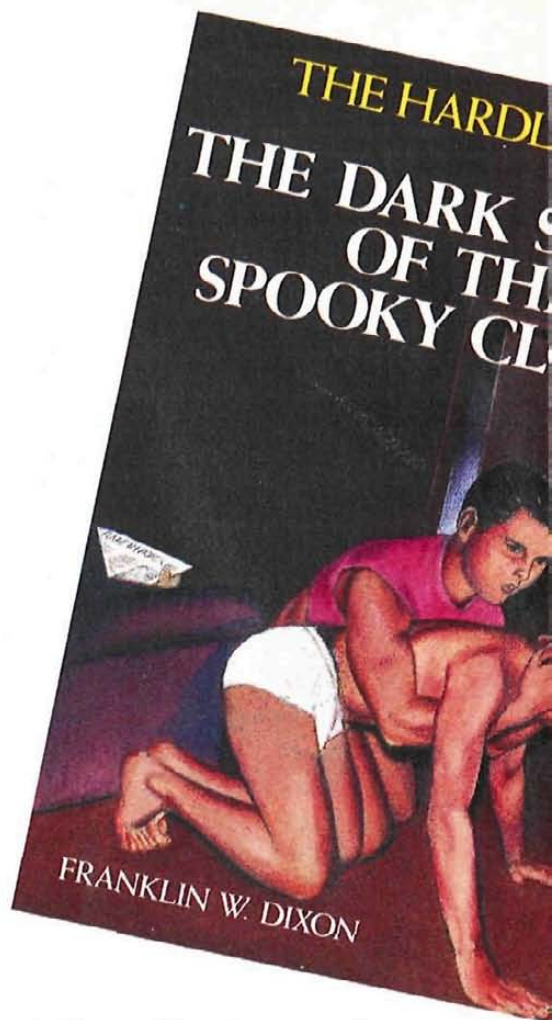
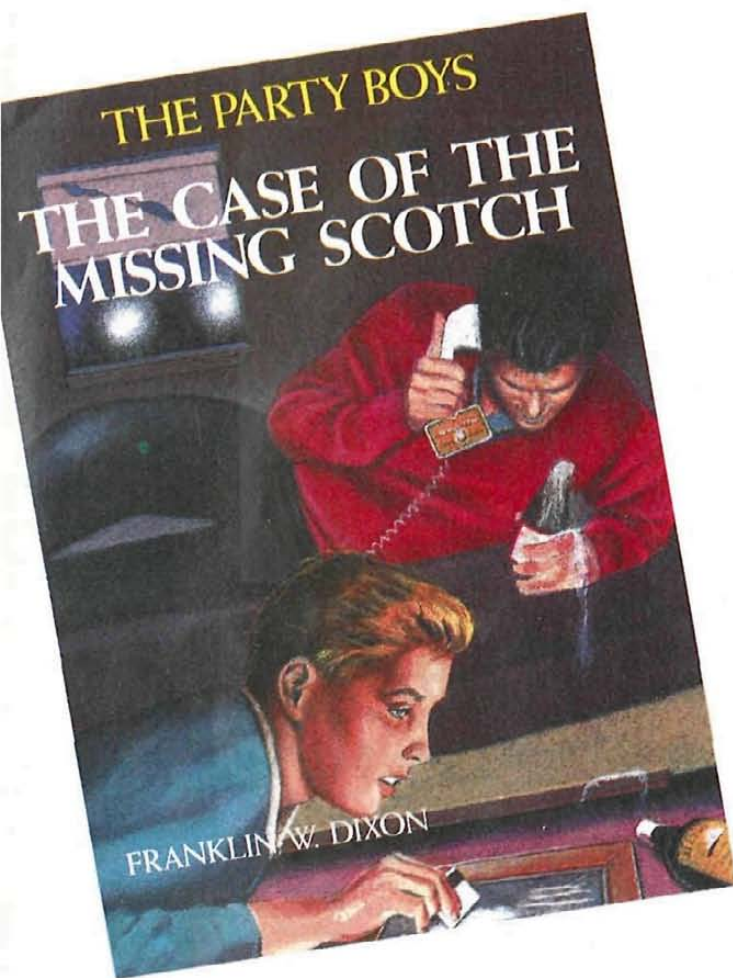
"Well, there's still about an ounce in that bag you bought with the money from that check you stole from your father's checkbook," Chet volunteered.

"Great!" Joe suddenly became lucid. "Let's do it up!" he said as he lurched up against his father's night table, shattering a picture of the boy's deceased mother in the process.

"Absofuckinglutely!" Frank pitched in enthusiastically.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, did you hear what he said, lardass? He said 'absolutelylutely! Not absolutely, but ABSOFUCKINGLUTELY!' laughed Joe uncontrollably.

"I heard him, I heard him," responded Chet with a



The Hardly Boys in The Dark Secret of the

measure of alarm.

Frank grabbed a large rock out of the remaining powder pile and placed it on a large shred of glass from the broken picture frame. "Shit," he growled, "I need something to chop this with."

"No problem, amigo," Joe smiled. "Use this gold American Express card we stole from the fucking old man!"

Frank took the card and chopped up a portion of the remaining drug stash. Then the three lads gathered around the pile and inhaled the fine powder. With contented smiles on their faces, they fell against the quilted pillows their aunt Emma had made for them.

"I'm horny as a dog," growled young Joe.

"Well, don't look at me," Chet stammered.

"Why don't you call up some hookers?" Frank asked.

Joe quickly found the number for an outcall escort service in his current *Shut* magazine and within seconds was speaking to the dispatcher.

"... Yeah, that's right, three really cute girls with nice tits," he explained. "Charge that to Amex card #0446278Z. Our address is 23 Porker Road..."

"Holy shit!" Chet exploded, gazing out the window. "Your father's station wagon just pulled into the driveway."

"Wait a minute," Joe said to the dispatcher. "Better make that *four* girls."

"Ouch, Chet! You're hurting me!" squealed young handsome Joe Hardly.

"Golly, Joe, you're as weak as my kid sister," chuckled Chet Norton as he let go of the full nelson he was applying to the younger Hardly boy.

"It's not that I'm weak," answered Joe. "It's just that you're so big and strong," he gushed.

Young Joe and his lifelong chum, Chet, had been wrestling on the living room rug in the Hardlys' house in Porkerville. Joe's older brother, Frank Hardly, was watching the two lads cavort as he read the newspaper on the couch. Chet, standing above his prone blond friend, offered his hand to Joe. The two of them were quite a sight in their jockey shorts and T-shirts, both sweating heavily from their "workout."

"Hey, it says here in this newspaper that another guy was raped in Porker Park last night," stated Frank from his perch on the couch.

"That makes three this month," murmured Joe. "It's getting so a boy can't walk the streets anymore."

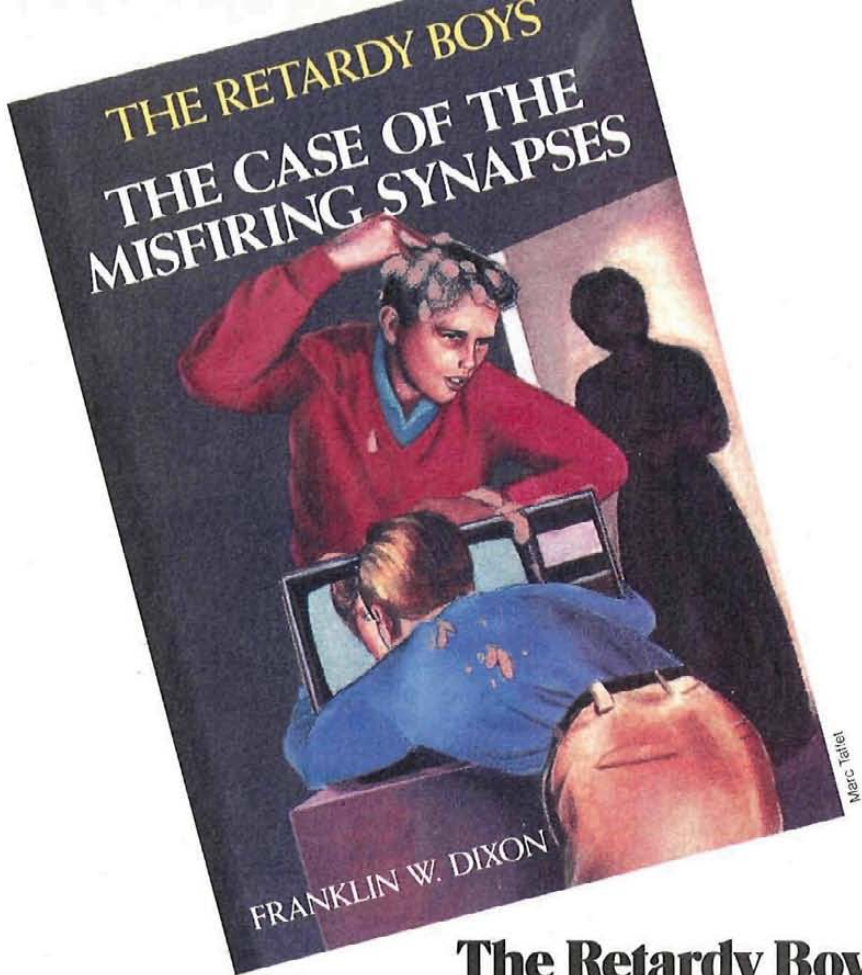
"It says that the rapists were described as being two strong youths wearing ski masks," declared Frank.

"How about a shower, Chet?" asked Joe, changing the subject abruptly.

"Yeah, I could use a shower," said their brawny chum. "I actually worked up a little sweat wrestling with you."

Chet dashed upstairs and popped into the shower. He was whistling and lathering up when all of a sudden Joe

OYS
CRET
SET



We are the people our kid brothers warned us against.

The Retardy Boys in The Case of the Misfiring Synapses

Spooky Closet

Hardly entered the shower stall and started scrubbing his friend's back and thighs.

"I thought you could use a hand," Joe whispered as his hand caressed Chet's groin.

"H-h-hey!" stuttered Chet.

Just then Frank Hardly stepped into the shower and began soaping up Chet's hairy chest.

"Two are better than one," he said, nibbling at Chet's ear.

"C-c-cut that out!" protested Chet.

Ignoring Chet's command, the Hardly boys donned ski masks and began to assault Chet from both sides.

"Help! Hey, quit it, you homos!" screamed Chet. "Help, help! I'm being raped by the Porker Park rapists!"

The Hardly boys disregarded his pleas and continued having their savage way with their old pal. Suddenly the door to the bathroom flew open.

"Dad!" screamed Frank and Joe in unison.

There in the doorway stood Fenton Hardly, the boys' father, with a stern expression on his face.

"Get out of the shower this instant, Frank and Joe!" he commanded. The two brothers did as they were told.

"Boy, am I glad to see you, Mr. Hardly," sighed Chet.

"I'm glad to see you too, Chet," replied the man as he removed his clothing and entered the shower. "I hope the boys weren't too rough on you," he smiled as he donned a ski mask.

"Here's a tray of milk and cookies, boys," said kindly Aunt Emma. "Now remember, don't play with your food; food is for eating." She was always happy to baby-sit for her teenage nephews, the Retardy Boys.

She set the tray down on the table in front of the couch, where the boys were playing with each other's noses.

"Do you know why?" Joe asked his brother Frank.

"Know where. No, no, no," Frank giggled uncontrollably, the drool cascading down his mouth, collecting in a small puddle on his brother's shoe.

"TV. TV. We play with TV, whoa whoa whoa." Joe jumped up and down on the couch with gleeful abandon.

"Well, I suppose it would be all right to switch on the television," Aunt Emma said as she made her way across the room. "Maybe there will be an educational show on."

There was no such program on the air then, so Aunt Emma settled for a rerun of *I Dream of Jeannie*.

"Girl, girl, I know you, girl." Frank wandered over to the television screen and began kissing Jeannie's image, his drool cascading down the screen into a small puddle on his own shoe.

"Now, Frank, don't get so excited," Aunt Emma said over her knitting.

Joe meanwhile had poured the milk onto the plate of cookies and was pounding the mixture into a mortar-like consistency. He then began stuffing the resultant paste into his ears and nostrils.

"I love Aunt," he gurgled contentedly.

made twice that much by attending.

Anyway, Jerry was madly in love with this club called Kings and Queens, a very big deal. It's one of those places that everybody is always talking about and as soon as you get there the first time you say, "What's so great about this?" and the friend who's with you says, "Oh, tonight it's not so hot. But you *should* have been here last Thursday..."

It was wall-to-wall people, but not the penny-loafers and alligator-shirt phonies. They were more like the Gestapo-boots and safety-pin-in-cheek phonies. As soon as I got there I met this very pretty woman named Anna. Her name was *probably* Anne, or Maryanne, but she thought that Anna sounded less literate. She *could* have been attractive, but I think she *wanted* to look ugly. For instance, she was wearing a miniskirt and had a great pair of legs, but there was a tattoo of E.T. on her thigh. She had a very pretty face, too, but her goddamn head was shaved. I was a little in the bag and started getting some very sexy ideas about her. And then I thought about what it would be like to wake up in the morning next to Telly Savalas. She wouldn't exactly be difficult to *part* with, if you really want to know.

She introduced me to her friends, Kit and Alyshia. The first thing that you noticed about them was that their hair was piled straight up on their heads about a foot high. I wondered what they did when they went to the movies. We talked for a little while. They told me that they were both out-of-work musicians and they were into Proust and fist fucking. I tried to talk to them for a while, but it was impossible because the band on that floor was too loud. Most of their songs were about getting drunk. They were called the Rolling Rocks, and "More Than Good Head" was their big hit. Eventually I went upstairs.

They had a million TVs up there playing videos. Music videos are more popular than breathing these days. A short time later I met this girl from Vassar. She wore a black beret and smoked a small cigar like a Gestapo agent in a war movie. She looked for *significant value* in everything. I offered her a drink and she wanted to know the *significant value* of it. I told her that I was leaving for college the next day and she wanted to know the *significant value* of that. She wouldn't even tell me her name, she said that it had no significant value. She wasn't exactly the type you'd want to take to a fraternity gang bang. Finally she

agreed to have a drink, but she wanted Courvoisier, for chrissakes. I went to the bar to get her one. "That's a good spirit," the bartender said.

"So's this," I said, pointing at my crotch.

"What proof?" he asked.

I would have explained but I wasn't in the mood for small talk. When I got back to No Significant Value I told her that I was Holden Caulfield, Junior, even if it was of no significant value. I stuck out my hand, but she wouldn't shake it. She just stared.

"Are you related, *by any chance*, to Holden Caulfield, *Senior*?" she asked.

When I told her that I was she went mad with happiness. "I read his book a thousand times," she said. She said it was so beautiful that it made her want to commit suicide, a pretty goddamn grave thing to say.

People are *always* telling me how much they like my old man's book. They expect me to pee in my pants just because I've met somebody who's read it. His one and only. Do you have any idea how many people have read that book? I swear, if I were to go to a monastery in Tibet or someplace to escape it, the high priest would probably want me to bless his copy.

Anyway, No Significant Value was star-struck by little ole me, and ran off to find this friend who she wanted me to meet.

While she was gone I met another girl. She was from Brooklyn, and her name was Donna, except she pronounced it *Donner*. She was very good-looking, and the complete opposite of ole No Significant Value. I introduced myself and she didn't make the obvious association. She said, "Nice ta meet ya."

Donner and I played a video game for a little while. It was called "Crack-Man." He's Pac-Man's boyfriend, an actor. He looks like Pac-Man except he's wearing tight jeans and has a neatly trimmed beard. He minces up and down through the maze of the West Village, gobbling up little boys. The whole time he's pursued by theater critics who hated his last performance, and if they catch him, they eat him.

Donner was planning on meeting some girlfriends at a bar on the Upper East Side, and she asked me if I'd like to go along. First, she said, she had to go to her place and change.



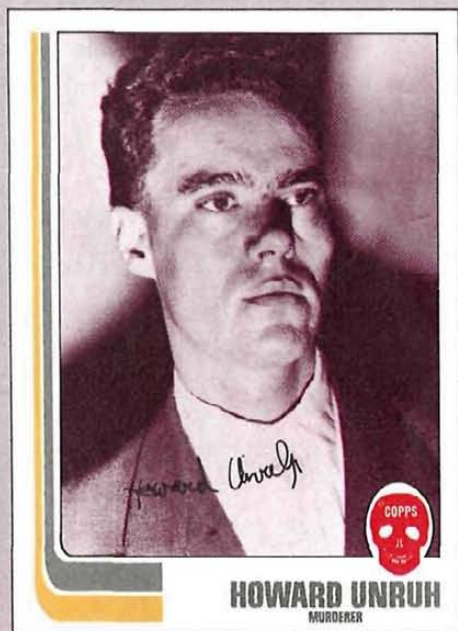
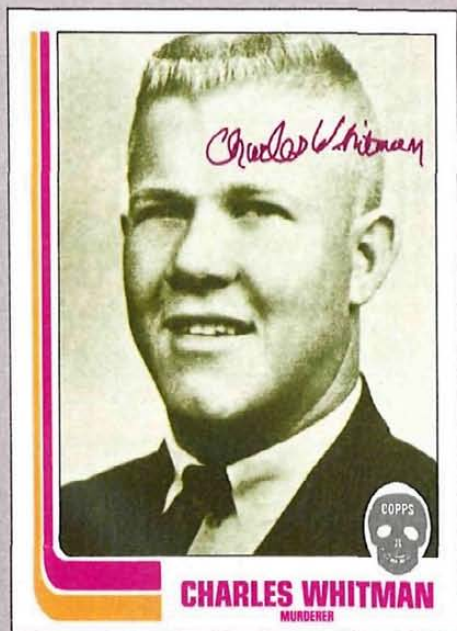
*It's summertime...and the livin' is eassssssyyy.
Baseball, hot dogs, and mass murder are in the air!
And even though the baseball and hot-dog cards are sold out,
the 1985 Mass Murderer Trading Cards have just arrived!*

*Fans all over this great country love mass murders.
They trade and flip these cards, trying to stockpile their favorite cutthroats.
Have doubles? See how many Charley Starkweathers will get you a heavy hitter like
Charles Whitman or even the great one himself, Charlie Manson,
the Casey Stengel of mass murderers!
So collect the whole series of Mass Murderer Trading Cards
and start having fun today!*

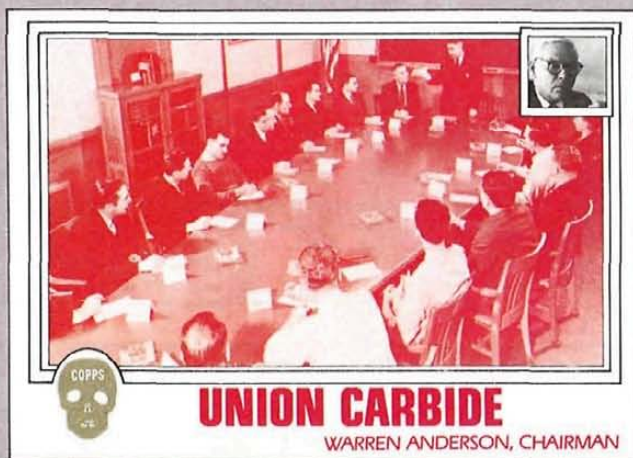
Mass Murderer Trading Cards

Series #4

by Mark Groubert



Flip 'em!



Collect 'em all!

Trade 'em!

Mass Murderer Trading Cards

Series #4

by Mark Gronberg

So collect the whole series of Mass Murderer Trading Cards and start having fun today!
 the Casey Stengel of mass murderers!
 Charles Whitman or even the great one himself, Charlie Manson,
 Have doubles? See how many Charles Starkweather will get you a heavy hitter like
 They trade and flip these cards, trying to stockpile their favorite cutthroats.
 Fans all over this great country love mass murderers.
 the 1985 Mass Murderer Trading Cards have just arrived!
 And even though the baseball and hot-dog cards are sold out,
 Baseball, hot dogs, and mass murder are in the air!
 It's summertime...and the fun, is eassassyyy!

EPSS
631
HOWARD UNRUH
MURDERER

MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
9-16-49	Murder	Camden, NJ	John Piarachik
9-16-49	Murder	Camden, NJ	Clark Hoover
9-16-49	Murder	Camden, NJ	Dr. Scott
9-16-49	Murder	Camden, NJ	Max & Judith
9-16-49	Murder	Camden, NJ	Alvin Day
9-16-49	Murder	Camden, NJ	

Fun Fax: Howard's most famous quote was: "I'm so psycho." He's been in a mental hospital ever since.

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EPSS
619
CHARLES WHITMAN
MURDERER

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
7-31-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Mother Whitman
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Kelly Whitman
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Mike Gabor
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Anne Gabor
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Thomas Schuman
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Al Hernandez
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	Billy Speed
8-1-55	Murder	Austin, TX	

Fun Fax: It took Whitman, just 96 minutes to kill 16 and wound 30 from atop the University of Texas tower in Austin.

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Flip 'em!

ONE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL DESCRIBED THE BHOPAL DISASTER SITE AS A "HUMAN BUFFET FOR VULTURES!"

THE BHOPAL MISHAP WAS THE WORST INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT IN HISTORY!

Net Sales: 9 Billion Dollars Fortune 500 Rank: 37th Size: 99,508 Employees Born: 11-1-17, New York City Home: Danbury, Connecticut Chairman: Warren Anderson

EPSS
713
CORPORATE SERIES
UNION CARBIDE
CORPORATE MUTILATOR AND KILLER

◆ CORPORATE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD 1984 ◆

DATE	CRIME	METHOD	PLACE	# OF VICTIMS
12-3-84	Permanent blindness	Gas	Bhopal, IN	32,000
12-3-84	Lung damage	Gas	Bhopal, IN	13,013
12-3-84	Paralysis	Gas	Bhopal, IN	5,601
12-3-84	Murder	Gas	Bhopal, IN	1,690

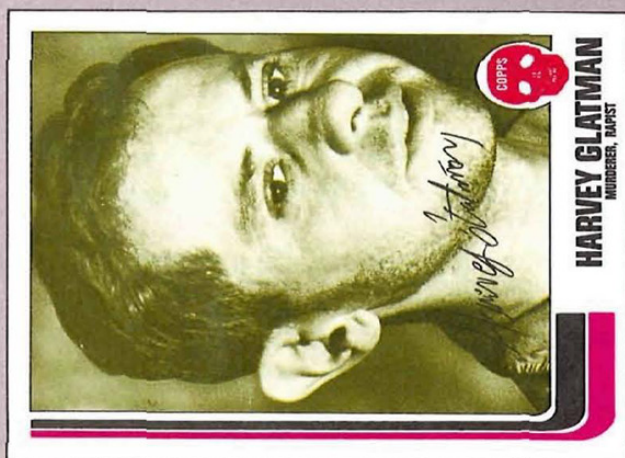
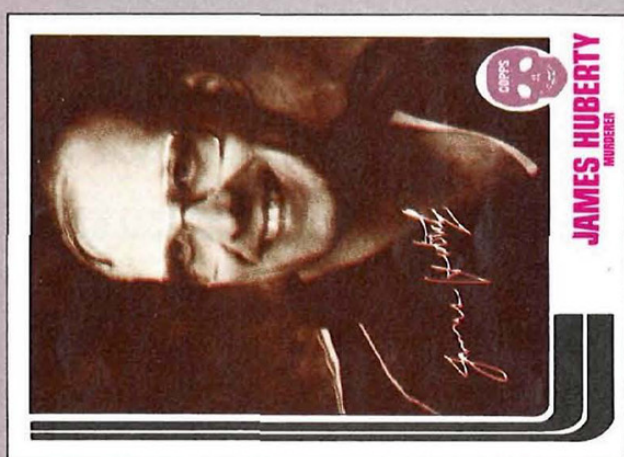
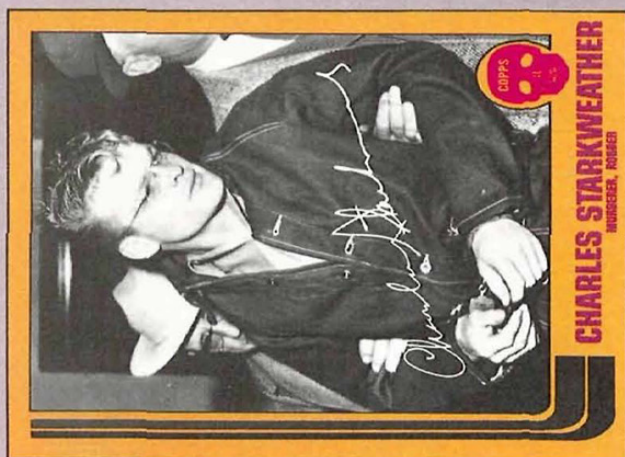
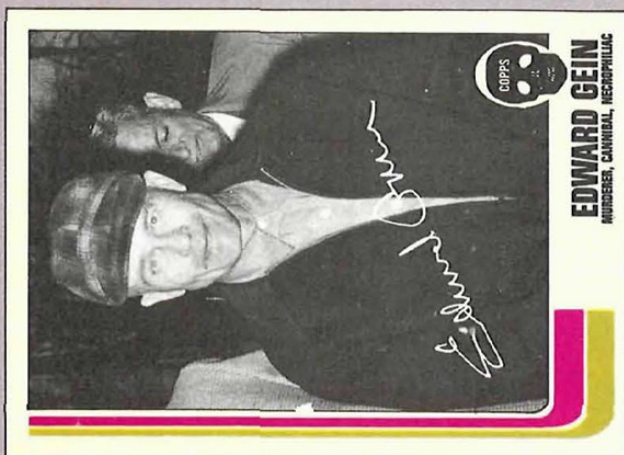
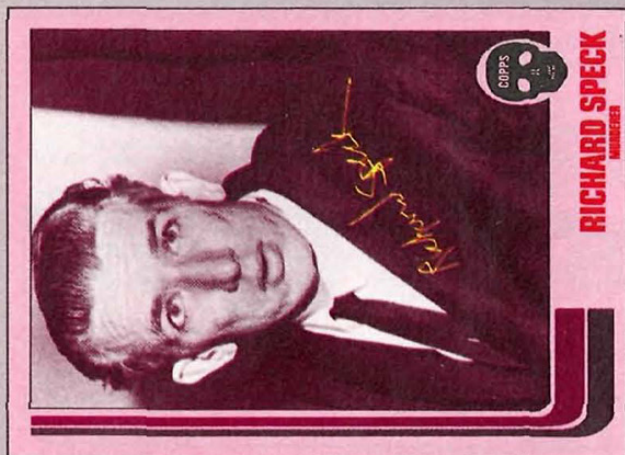
Fun Fax: For winning the 1984 Championship, U.C. chairman Warren Anderson was nicknamed "Sparky" by his employees!

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Flip 'em!

Collect 'em all!

Your teeth are clean, but your mind is capped.
John Lennon



photos: AP/Wide World

Old men in impotence can beget
New wars to kill the lusty young.
Arthur Davison Ficke, 1926

QUESTION: WHAT DOES ED GEIN KEEP IN HIS COOKIE JAR? ANSWER: LADYFINGERS.

ED GEIN WAS A POLICE FUGITIVE BECAUSE HE HAD KILLED HIS WIFE AND BURNED HER BODY. HE WAS SENTENCED TO 30 YEARS IN PRISON FOR HIS CRIMES.

Height: 5'5" Weight: 139 Eyes: Brown Hair: Gray Born: 6-12-06, Plainfield, Wisconsin Died: 9-28-84, Wisconsin Mental Hospital Occupation: Farmer

685 EDWARD GEIN MURDERER, CANNIBAL, NECROPHILIAC

◆ COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD ◆

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
3-12-54	Murder	Plainfield, WI	Mary Hogan
11-4-57	Murder	Plainfield, WI	Bernice Worden
1951-1957	Murder / Cannibalism / Necrophilia	Wisconsin	Jane Does (25)*

*Police estimates

Fun Fax: Ed served as the model of inspiration for Tony Perkins's Norman Bates character in Hitchcock's "Psycho."

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RICHARD WAS SENTENCED TO 1,200 YEARS IN JAIL FOR HIS CRIME.

RICHARD HAD THE WORDS "BORN TO RAISE HELL" TATTOOED ON HIS LEFT FOREARM.

Height: 6'1" Weight: 180 Eyes: Blue Hair: Blond Born: 12-8-41, Kirkwood, Illinois Home: Illinois State Penitentiary Occupation: Garbagegum

609 RICHARD SPECK MURDERER

◆ COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD ◆

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Sue Harris
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Val Pacion
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Pam Wilkening
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Merita Gargulio
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Pat Matussek
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Hina Schmale
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Mary Ann Jordan
7-13-66	Murder	Chicago, IL	Gloria Davy

Fun Fax: Convicted of the murders of eight student nurses in 1966, Richard will not be eligible for parole until 2375.

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JIMMY KILLED 21 PEOPLE AT A MCDONALD'S RESTAURANT IN CALIFORNIA.

JIMMY HOLDS THE TITLE FOR MOST MURDERS IN A SINGLE DAY (21).

Height: 5'11" Weight: 175 Eyes: Brown Hair: Brown Born: 4-14-53, San Diego, California Died: Bullets from Police Occupation: Security Guard

655 JAMES HUBERTY MURDERER

◆ COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD ◆

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Gloria Lopez
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Luis Martinez
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Ben Stephens
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Kyle Atkins
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Frank Martinez
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Connie Rojas
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	Willie Owens
7-18-84	Murder	San Ysidro, CA	San Ysidro, CA

*Huberty murdered an additional 14 people and wounded 19 others.

Fun Fax: A Bell Telephone operator gave police the wrong address for the shooting site.

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CHARLEY MODELED HIMSELF AFTER HIS 100L, JAMES DEAN.

HUNDREDS OF ROBBY-SOXERS WANTED OUTSIDE THE NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY FOR NEWS OF STARK WEATHER'S DEATH.

Height: 5'2" Weight: 135 Eyes: Brown Hair: Red Born: 7-12-40, Lincoln, Nebraska Died: 6-24-58, Electric Chair, Nebraska State Penitentiary Occupation: Garbagegum

742 CHARLES STARKWEATHER MURDERER, ROBBER

◆ COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD ◆

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
12-1-57	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Robert Colvert
1-28-58	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Marion Bartlett
1-28-58	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Betty Jean Bartlett
1-30-58	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Robert Jensen
1-30-58	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Carol King
1-30-58	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Carl Lauer Ward
1-30-58	Murder	Lincoln, NE	Clara Ward
1-30-58	Murder	Douglas, WY	Lillian Fenci
1-30-58	Murder	Douglas, WY	Merle Collison

Fun Fax: Charley choked 2-year-old Betty Jean Bartlett to death with the barrel of his rifle.

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ALBERT ENCOURAGED LOCAL KIDS TO DISCIPLINE HIM WITH A PADDLE STUDDED WITH 2" NAILS.

ALBERT WAS SO HAPPY TO BE ELECTROCUTED HE STRAPPED HIMSELF IN!

Height: 5'5" Weight: 145 Eyes: Blue Hair: Gray Born: 12-6-10, Washington, D.C. Died: 1-16-36, Electric Chair, Sing Sing Occupation: Painter AKA: Frank Howard, I.W. Pell, Robert Hayden, The Moon Maniac

612 ALBERT FISH, JR. MURDERER, KIDNAPPER, CANNIBAL

◆ COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD ◆

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
6-20-10	Murder	Wilmington, DE	John Doe
5-6-19	Mutilation / Torture	New York, NY	John Doe
9-21-19	Murder	Washington, DC	John Doe
2-11-27	Molestation / Murder	Washington, DC	Billy Gaffney
6-3-28	Mutilation / Murder	New York, NY	Grace Budd
9-6-34	Murder	New York, NY	Francis McDonnell

Fun Fax: After Albert decapitated and carved up 12-year-old kidnap victim Grace Budd, he used the sections to create a succulent stew!

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AS A BOY SCOUT HARVEY EXCELLED IN KNOT TYING AND ROPE HANDICRAFT.

AS A CHILD, HARVEY GOT MUCH SATISFACTION FROM HANGING HIMSELF IN THE ATTIC.

Height: 5'7" Weight: 150 Eyes: Blue Hair: Brown Born: 6-18-28, Boulder, Colorado Died: 8-18-59, Gas Chamber, San Quentin, California Occupation: TV Repairman

681 HARVEY GLATMAN MURDERER, RAPIST

◆ COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE CRIMINAL RECORD ◆

DATE	CRIME	PLACE	VICTIM
6-12-45	Attempted rape	Boulder, CO	Donna Kuiper
8-1-57	Murder / Rape	Los Angeles, CA	Judy Dull
3-9-58	Murder / Rape	San Diego, CA	Shirley Bridgford
7-23-58	Murder / Rape	Los Angeles, CA	Ruth Mercado
8-19-58	Attempted rape	Los Angeles, CA	Joanne Arena
8-30-58	Attempted murder	Santa Ana, CA	Lorraine Vigil

Fun Fax: Glatman told his victims he was a famous photographer specializing in "bondage" shots. He took them to the desert, where he raped and killed them.

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Just then, No Significant Value and her friend came back. Her friend's name was Dawn. She was dressed in black and carried a book of poems. I figured she was very musical: she had an acoustic guitar strapped to her back. She was the kind of girl who, as soon as you saw her, you wanted to break her goddamn neck. When we were introduced she said, "It must be thrilling to be the son of somebody so acclaimed, the veritable offspring of a genius."

"You certainly always know what's on TV," I said.

"Tell me," she said, "did your father succeed in his dream? Did he become the catcher in the rye, saving children from peril while they play?"

She was really on the edge of her seat for this one. "Well, he once coached third base when I was in grade school," I said.

"That was *hardly* the response I had in mind," she said.

"Well, what do you expect from... whatchacallit... the veritable offspring of a genius?" I was getting pretty tired of talking to her, if you really want to know.

"I'm *very* interested in learning more about you," she said. "We're going to a poetry reading on Avenue D. Would you like to join us?"

The choice was between going to a poetry reading with No Significant Value and Dawn, or going to Donner's and waiting while she changed. It was culture versus outright ignorance and lusty sexuality. It was a real dilemma.

DONNER LIVED on the twentieth floor of one of those new ugly buildings that dominate the landscape of the Upper East Side like stalagmites in a mud puddle. It was a very small one-bedroom apartment, but it had a terrace and all. She told me on the way over that she was a secretary, but a secretary for her father, who happened to own a lot of buildings. I began to like her more and more.

She went into her room to change. I could tell that she didn't want any help from me because she very loudly yelled, "I don't want any help from you!" I waited in the living room with her dog, Frenchy, a great big poodle. She was in there for a million years. For girls like Donner,

getting changed isn't something you do, it's a rite of passage. I started getting *very* impatient and began playing with the dog, throwing a rubber ball at him. Poodles are pretty smart dogs, but they're real morons when it comes to ducking.

"Be there in a minute," she sang out after a while. And then she finally came out. It was worth the wait. She was wearing this very tight, see-through tube top, fit for a tube steak, and a glossy miniskirt. I knew it wasn't going to be long before I got into the old Battery Tunnel to Brooklyn.

She mixed a couple of drinks and sat down on the couch. We started petting heavily. After about an hour, Donner said that we had to leave the dog alone because he was getting hot under the collar.

I turned my attention to Donner and gave her a big kiss.

She tried to tell me something, but I kissed her again.

"Hold on to yer pants, I gotta tell ya somethin'" she said. Poor Donner, her eyes said that she was from heaven, but her mouth always said Brooklyn.

"What is it?"

"I got a... little problem."

Uh-oh. Suddenly I wasn't as eager.

"I've had, well, you know..."

I thought I'd be as sensitive and discreet as possible. "Jesus," I screamed, "you don't have the *herp*, do you?"

"But ya don't understand," she said. "I don't hardly ever break out..."

"That's what Jack Abbott said!"

It was all very rash and everything, but I was seeing red even before I was sore.

"Do yer still wanna, you know, fool around?" she asked.

"Donner—Donna," I said, "I'll be as candid and frank about this problem as I possibly can without hurting your feelings. The only way I'd make love to you is if you were in an iron lung and I wore a space suit."

I got the hell out of there after that. Poor Donner. "I don't even have that many sexual *tenancies*," she kept saying.

Tenancies. That killed me. It didn't do much for my tube steak, either.

I ENDED UP AT THIS BAR on the Upper East Side called The Stock Exchange. I've always



"No, we're not midgets—we're Italian first-graders."

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thought that bars are like people in many regards. Some are smart and chic, some are old and nasty, et cetera. If that's true, The Stock Exchange was the crummy bastard from Boston who wore penny loafers and *farted* in perfect pitch. I didn't know what I was doing in there, especially since I was already three sheets to the wind.

The place was designed to look like the main trading floor on Wall Street. You didn't even *pay* for your drinks outright. First you stood in line and bought drink certificates, which you then gave to the bartender. The place was lousy with preppies in loafers who kept smiling these crummy pearly-white Connecticut smiles that made you want to murder everybody in the financial world. I wouldn't have stayed except that martinis were going for a song.

I bought four martini bonds and hung around at the bar. You wouldn't have believed how many jerks were in that place. They were all very handsome bastards with these chiseled, sandblasted faces. They *might* have been able to pick up a few women if they could have

torn themselves away from their gorgeous reflections in the mirror behind the bar. The ones who were fresh from work were wearing these very boxy Brooks Brothers suits and red ties. That just *kills* me, the phony goddamn Red Tie of Wall Street. The women wore these long, shapeless dresses, or else they wore jeans and shirts that were *fun*. Everything was *fun*. "Isn't this a *fun* place, Charles?" "Yes, it's good, optimum, marvelous *fun*." It was cliquy as hell, too. The arty types hung around in a corner and smoked Shermans; the athletic, health-minded bastards stayed near the bar, talking about their injuries. There were even *college* cliques: the Yalies were all prim and proper, standing at attention in a horseshoe around the piano, belting out these very corny Cole Porter tunes, while the Dartmouth girls hung out at the bar, arm wrestling for beers. The whole lousy Yuppie world is like one giant prep school, I swear. Know why? Because they *want* it that way.

There was a great big suntanned, blond-haired bastard standing beside me at the bar. He was the kind of guy who always looks immacu-

lately *casual*. His shirt was open at the neck, loosely tucked into his khakis. His hair was tousled, as if he'd just combed it and one of his stupid friends said, "Hey, old sport, good game," and patted him on the head. *That* was the thing. You could tell that he spent hours in front of the mirror trying to look so *perfectly* casual.

"Hey, how ya doing?" I said. "Name's Holden. Holden Caulfield, Junior. Ya got nice hair." Boy, was I plastered.

"My name is Trowbridge," he said. "Trowbridge Starboard Pishposh the Third. Say, are you related to the gentleman who wrote that book? I remember some book ... oh God, now, what was the title ... in Freshman Lit. ... Who wrote that book?"

"That was no gentleman, that was my goddamn father," I said. "Lemme buy you a drink, hey?"

"Certainly," he said. "Say, I'm currently with Schmidt and Swallow. I'm sure we'd be very interested in your father's portfolio." He ordered a Perrier and white wine.

"Don't think so," I said. "He already has a ... whatchacallit ... a portfolio. Had it taken last year. Hey, are you from Connecticut?"

"Oh, I used to be, *Holds*," he said. I should have broken his goddamn jaw. "But now I'm up here, on the East Side."

"God's country," I said.

"Let me give you my card, in case your father needs serious investment counseling," he said, and I solemnly took it, as if it was very valuable to me.

I excused myself to go to the bathroom. A bunch of guys were in there patting themselves on the head.

When I came back out, Trowbridge introduced me to this very corporate-looking woman named Alice. Her hair was tied back in a bun and she was wearing one of those blue outfits that have no accent on curves or sexuality. She probably wore boxer shorts, too. She told me where she worked, something like "Schmuck, Fuck and No Luck," and that she was "seriously" into investment banking. "It's an exciting profession," she said. That just killed me. If investment bankers lead exciting lives, then *dentists* must really live dangerously.

I'd chatted with her for only a few minutes when suddenly she saw one of her clients. "I don't want to blow this account," she said. She didn't



"Hello, is this the police department's bomb squad?"

want to blow *me*, either, because she ran off to buy him a drink.

I told Trowbridge I had to get the hell out of there. I decided that I had to go home and talk to my old man about something.

"But your father might be interested in some very wise investment counseling," he said.

"Yeah, I know, but I really gotta go."

"Ah hell, have a drink, old man," he said.

"Nah, really, I can't," I said.

"But financial security is a beautiful thing!"

"So is this," I said, pointing. It was probably a very rude thing to say and all, but it was the only way I could get the hell out of there. You have to be very firm and to the point, if you really want to *know*.

MY OLD MAN IS A VERY SOUND sleeper. An automobile accident could take place in his bed and he wouldn't wake up. It was goddamn near three in the morning when I managed to wake him and tell him that I wanted to talk to him. He wasn't exactly crazy about getting up. "Jesus," he said, "what do you *want*—a glass of water?"

It suddenly didn't seem like such a hot idea, waking my old man up and everything. I was stinking drunk, too. "We've never had a man-to-man conversation before," I said.

"Well, for chrissakes, you certainly picked a *gorgeous* time to have one," he said.

We both went downstairs and he made some coffee. He didn't even turn on the TV. "Well, what is it you want to know?" he said.

I wasn't really sure. I had done everything the way that I was supposed to, had followed the plan, and wasn't at all happy with it. The trouble is that you're supposed to try to be a big shot, as if you'll be *canonized*, and play all the stupid games and make a fortune, just so that you can meet a bunch of boring bastards for tennis on their yachts for the rest of your life.

"Here's the problem," I finally said. "On the one hand, you're supposed to become a lawyer, or even something that's honest, and rake in the dough so that you can afford to tip the guys who wash your Lear. On the other hand, you can become a rocker and hang around with girls who have E.T. on their leg. But who the hell wants to do either? It's all a crummy stupid game, no matter

how you look at it. You *wrote* about it. You wrote about how crummy the world is and how it's full of bastards, and how everybody bothers you to play those stupid games. But you didn't write about any *conclusions* to the goddamn whatchacallit... the goddamn problem. Everybody feels kind of cheated. They read that book when they were in school, and they ident—identify with the protagonist—the portagornist—you, and they think that somehow, since they've learned what the world is like, it's going to be *different* for them, like they can go out and change the world or something. Only nothing gets changed. Sure, now we all *know* the problem. But the world is still as phony as it was then. Especially with the break up of AT&T."

"Well, for chrissakes, what do you want *me* to do about it?" he said. "Every half-literate bastard on the planet expected me to go out and change the world, and I could never even change a goddamn *diaper*."

"But you're a goddamn hero! You got to complain about everything but you never really said what you thought anybody should *do* about

it," I said.

He thought for a second or two. "All right, come on, hey," he said. "If you really want to know the truth, I guess you should go out and try to sack away as much dough as you can. People are always going to be a pain in the ass, but they're a lot easier to take if you can *boss* them around. Any *moron* could figure that out."

"All right," I said after a while. "I've got one more question." I was still bombed, so I had to think about the way I wanted to phrase it. It occurred to me that my old man might have found the best way to get through life. The only problems he has to contend with are bad oil wells on *Dallas*. He wrote a book about how crummy life is, and then he retired from it altogether, just so he could sit at home and watch TV, and shout his head off whenever he wanted to. The only *catch* is that not everybody can do that.

"Well, go on," he said.

"What I want to know is this," I said. "Is J.R. really the biggest bastard on TV?"

"A royal pain in the ass," he said, and he went back up to bed. ■

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Grim Fairy Tales

by Tony Kisch

The Princess and the Pcc



n a great kingdom, far, far away, there ruled a king whose heart was heavy with sadness. His only daughter was a

breathtakingly beautiful princess who, on her sixteenth birthday, had fallen into a deep, deathlike sleep. None of the king's doctors or sorcerers could rouse her, though they tried day and night. In despair, the king proclaimed, "If any young prince can awaken my daughter, he may have her hand in marriage. Be warned, though: those who fail shall die by the ax!"

Over the years, many hopeful suitors tried to awaken the lovely princess. They kissed her, screamed at her, they banged royal pots and pans together, they even had wild boars grunt in her ears. Alas, it was all in vain. The princess slept on, and the hapless suitors, one by one, lost their heads to the axman.

One day, a handsome young prince set out for the forest, where it was rumored there dwelt a magic toad who knew all the secrets of the very universe. After many months and much hardship, he found the fabled toad, seated on a toadstool, drinking dandelion wine, and smoking a foul-smelling herb. "What is wanted, horny one?" croaked the toad, who already knew the purpose of the young man's visit. "Oh, all-knowing toad! How might I awaken the lovely princess and make her my wife?"

"Haw-haw!" croaked the magical

creature. "She is not worth the risk. Stay here and smoke these herbs with me, friend prince!"

"No, kind toad, I cannot," pleaded the prince. "I must have her!"

"Oh, very well," croaked the toad. "The secret is in this rhyme:

"If you wish the bitch to wake,
Listen well, make no mistake.
When you've reached her royal
tower,
Give her face a golden shower!"

"No, no, evil toad," protested the prince. "I cannot do this foul deed!"

The toad laughed and croaked, "Then she shall forever slumber!" And with that the wise toad vanished into thin air.

And so the astonished prince returned to the king's palace. He spoke immediately to the king:

"Sire, I would try to awaken your daughter!"

"Very well," yawned the king. "She is in the royal tower. I shall go sharpen the ax."

Trembling, the brave prince climbed the many steps to the tower. There he beheld the lovely princess, sound asleep. He drew close to the royal bed and whispered, "Forgive me, my darling, it is the only way." And with that, he sprayed her royal face with his "wakening water."

Suddenly the princess opened her eyes and, touching her cheek, exclaimed, "Yecch!! Who dares pee on my face?"

The young prince turned to face the king, who now stood behind him with the ax in his hand.

"Your Highness!" he cried. "I have broken the spell! She is mine!"

"Shut up, swine!" screamed the king as he lopped off the prince's head with one mighty stroke. "I said

wake her up, not piss in her face!!"

The princess then cried, the king cursed the heavens, and they all lived miserably ever after.

The Innkeeper and His Three Daughters



t a small inn in the farthest reaches of the kingdom there lived a hunchbacked old innkeeper with one eye and an un-

appetizing skin condition. However, he had three very beautiful daughters: Brunhilde, the eldest; Schnitzel, the middle child; and Hasenpfeffer, the youngest. Each of these daughters would take turns luring weary travelers to their inn with their many charms.

One day a tired swineherd came up the road toward the inn, and Brunhilde met him on the way. She sat on an old stone fence, swinging her delicate feet. She cried out to him:

"Pray, where are you heading, handsome swineherd?"

"I am bringing my pigs to market in the next village, fair maiden," he answered.

"Why do you not stop at my father's inn?" she asked. "You are so handsome, and I have the biggest chest in all the valley!" Taken aback, the young swineherd saw that her boasts were true enough indeed. Brunhilde's chest was the biggest and loveliest he had ever seen. "Very well, girl," he smiled. "Take me to

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your father's inn!" And they walked up the path together, he squeezing her chest and she giggling loudly, the pigs following behind.

When they had reached the inn, Brunhilde called loudly, "Father, we have a guest!" And when the door opened and the swineherd entered, the jolly one-eyed hunchback sprang upon the young man and stove his head in with a brick.

"Hee-hee, my daughters," cackled the old man. "We shall have pork for many weeks!" And the happy family laughed merrily as they cut the pigs' throats.

A few weeks later a young shepherd came trudging up the path to the inn, his flock of fat sheep behind him. This time the lovely Schnitzel ran out from behind a bush and tripped gaily before the weary shepherd. "You look so tired, handsome shepherd," she called back at him. "Why do you and your flock not pass the night at my father's inn? The food is good, and I have the roundest, softest rump in all the valley!" The shepherd could see that she did not exaggerate her posterior charms, and he walked merrily along with her, laughing and squeezing her cheeks.

When they reached the inn, Schnitzel cried out, "Father, I have a young guest for our inn!" And as the shepherd passed, laughing, through the door, the merry hunchback tossed hot lead in his eyes and stuck a long knife in his belly. "Ho-ho, daughter Schnitzel," laughed her father, winking his one good eye. "We shall eat mutton till we burst!" And so they merrily slaughtered the sheep.

One day not long after, a young man with a black case came slowly up the path toward the inn. Young Hasenpfeffer called out, "Pray, handsome sir, what trade do you ply?"

"I am a physician, a man of medicine, my lovely one!"

"Oh, young doctor, why do you not rest at my father's inn? There you can eat and drink, and I give the best head in all the valley!"

The young doctor smiled and said, "Truly, it has been many weeks since last my pipes were blown out! Let us to your father's inn!" And so they walked along, hand in hand, laughing merrily.

When they reached the inn, Hasenpfeffer cried out, "Father, open the door for a young visitor!" The old hunchback opened the door,

but the doctor was quick on his feet. He saw the old man's ax falling, and he leapt aside to safety. He ran to a corner and pleaded, "Please, good sir, allow me to live, and I shall cure your disgusting skin condition!"

"An' wha' 'bout the hump?" queried the crafty old man.

"Oh, very well," said the frightened doctor. "The hump, too."

And so all night long the young doctor operated and applied poultices and herbs under the watchful eyes of the three daughters. By daybreak, the old man's skin was magically clear, and his hump was no more. "A thousand thanks, young sir!" cried the joyous father, who then picked up a shovel and quickly smashed the doctor's face in. "Never trust a hunchback!" cackled the jolly old soul as he and his daughters laughed and emptied the doctor's bag. "Well, my beauties," he gasped, "we shall be high for a month!" And they all swallowed the pretty pills and drank the tasty elixirs, and laughed and danced as never before.

The Fiddler and the Bear



nce there was a fiddler full of mischief who fled the village of his birth, for he had borrowed much gold and could not repay it. "Ha!" he laughed. "I shall make to the woods, and remain there until these fools' purses are bulging with gold once more!"

So the fiddler ran deep into the woods until he finally came to rest beneath a large oak tree. He was very hungry, but he worried not, for he knew he had with him his magic fiddle. "I shall play my magic fiddle, and soon my supper shall come to me. Ho-ho!" And so he began to play a most mysterious, beguiling tune. And sure enough, a fat hare soon came up to his tree. "Truly, Sir Fiddler," said the hare, "your music is so restful it compels me to take a short nap." The fiddler grinned and answered, "Sleep then, friend hare, and I shall play for thee." As soon as the hare was asleep, however, the mischievous fiddler cracked his skull with a heavy stone and roasted the hare for his supper.

The next day the fiddler awoke, hungry once more. "How sweet was the flesh of the hare," he laughed. "Let us see what morsel my fiddle brings me *this* day." And so he once again fiddled the same mysterious tune, and soon a plump fox appeared by his side. "This is most strange, fiddler," said the fox. "Normally I would sink my teeth into any human, as they are a treacherous lot, but your music is so gay it makes me want to dance!"

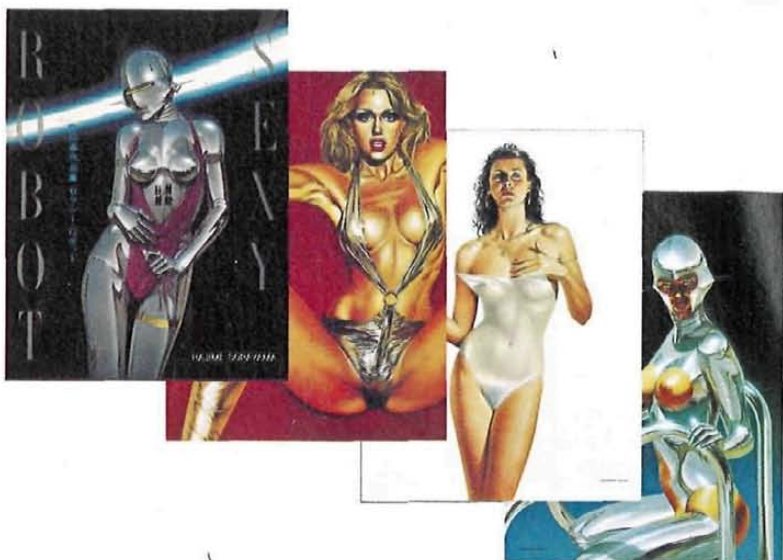
"Dance then, friend fox," slyly answered the fiddler, "and I shall play for thee."

And so the fox whirled and whirled until he fell to the ground exhausted. The fun-loving fiddler then picked up a heavy bough and smashed the fox's neck in two. "Ho-ho," he cried. "You are a fine dancer, but you shall make an even finer dinner!" And the fox was roasted and quickly gobbled up.

And so things went for a fortnight. Each morning the fiddler would play his strange song, and each time it would have a different effect on some woodland creature. In quick succession he strangled a snake, bludgeoned a badger, and disemboweled a deer. In the meantime he had grown quite fat, and when he laughed his belly would shake and his face would turn beet-red, and he appeared jollier than ever. He had also grown quite cocky and pleased with himself, and on the fifteenth day he laughed to himself, "Ho-ho-ho! I tire of this same tune. I am such a great fiddler that *any* song I play shall fetch me a fat supper!" And so the fiddler played a new tune, not sweet and mysterious, but discordant and sour. Yet, sure enough, a huge bear soon came up to the oak tree. The jolly fiddler kept playing his new tune, a hungry gleam in his eyes.

"Tell me, friend bear!" he cried boldly. "Does my lovely music make you want to sleep, or does it make you want to dance?"

"Neither!!" roared the bear as he smashed the fiddle and bow with one mighty sweep of his paw. Then, quick as a wink, he sat upon the fiddler, crushing the life out of him. With his dying breath the fiddler gasped, "Pray, why do you sit upon me, friend bear?" The bear laughed and answered, "Because, friend fiddler, your music is so foul, it makes me want to shit!!" And the fiddler was never seen nor heard from again.



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The Twentieth Year— Out of the Teens

Seeing the end of teenagedom, your child will spend this year in a total state of panic. Fearing the com-

ing responsibilities of adulthood, about 17 percent will regress back to infancy; 41 percent will join bizarre religious cults; 34 percent will attempt to fake schizophrenia; 8 percent will become real schizophrenics; and all will get M.B.A.'s.

As an understanding parent, you should be quick to assure your children that adulthood is hardly the worst part of life, and that together with new responsibilities there also come new joys—such as raising children who, if everything is done exactly right, and if a single mistake isn't ever made, may not grow up to be homosexuals who frequent strange, out-of-the-way bars, or psychopathic criminals who die in the electric chair.

The Twenty-first Year— The Weaning Stage

By now, that little baby you car-

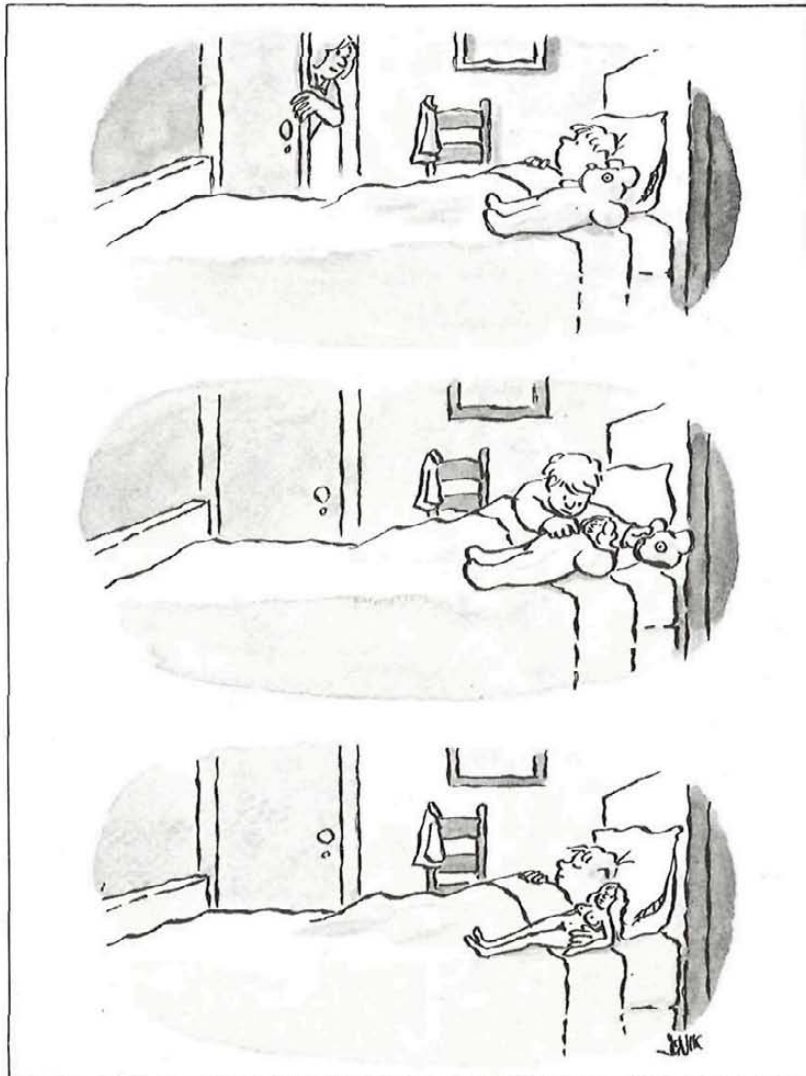
ried home from the hospital is a full-grown man (if born a girl) or a beautiful young lady (if born a boy). On the verge of true adulthood, they will no longer need to listen to you or think about you or be concerned about you in any way. This is better for everyone because, now that your children are adults, you can finally all admit to yourselves how little you have in common, and accept the fact that you would never have picked each other as friends.

At this stage, some particularly advanced children may make a first attempt at putting you in a home and legally divesting you of any income or possessions you happen to have left. If this happens, smile with pride, because you have truly raised offspring who are ready to take their place in our society and become a success in today's competitive business climate.

Beyond Twenty-one— The Difficult Years

Now, at last, it's over. If you've survived, you look in the mirror and see gray where that shock of black hair used to be; ugly, snakelike wrinkles crawl around what was once petal-smooth skin; your body is bent and your joints ache from a creaking arthritis; your vision is blurred, your hearing bad, and your thinking mercifully slow. You realize that, according to nature's grand plan, while you have been giving life to your children, they have been stealing yours.

And yet, startlingly enough, a sweet, warm feeling comes over you. Gazing into that final sunset, looking back at years of heartache, pain, deprivation, and misery, you know, as your parents did before you, and theirs before them, that it was all worthwhile, that the greatest gift man can bestow is life, that the passing on of life—LIFE!—is the most sacred of all human acts. There you proudly stand, at one with the universe, your great task complete; a link between past and future, a golden bridge across space and time. You know that because of you—because of your devotion, your efforts, your failures—somewhere far away, in some nameless bar in some distant city, a man or woman who would otherwise never have been born is going up to some other confused, lonely soul and saying, "Hello, faggot, buy you a drink?"



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G. K. Chesterton, 1920s(?)

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